

THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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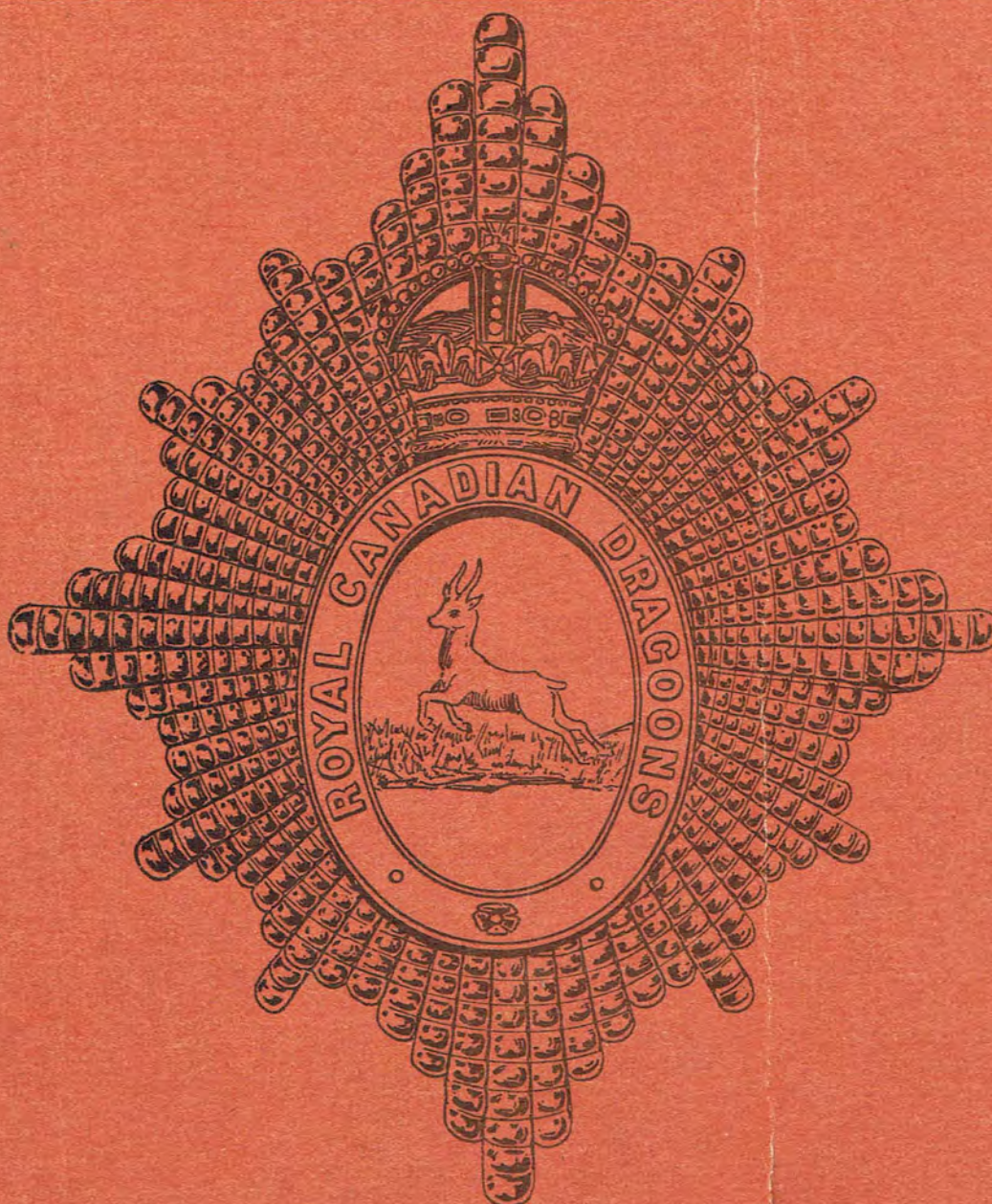
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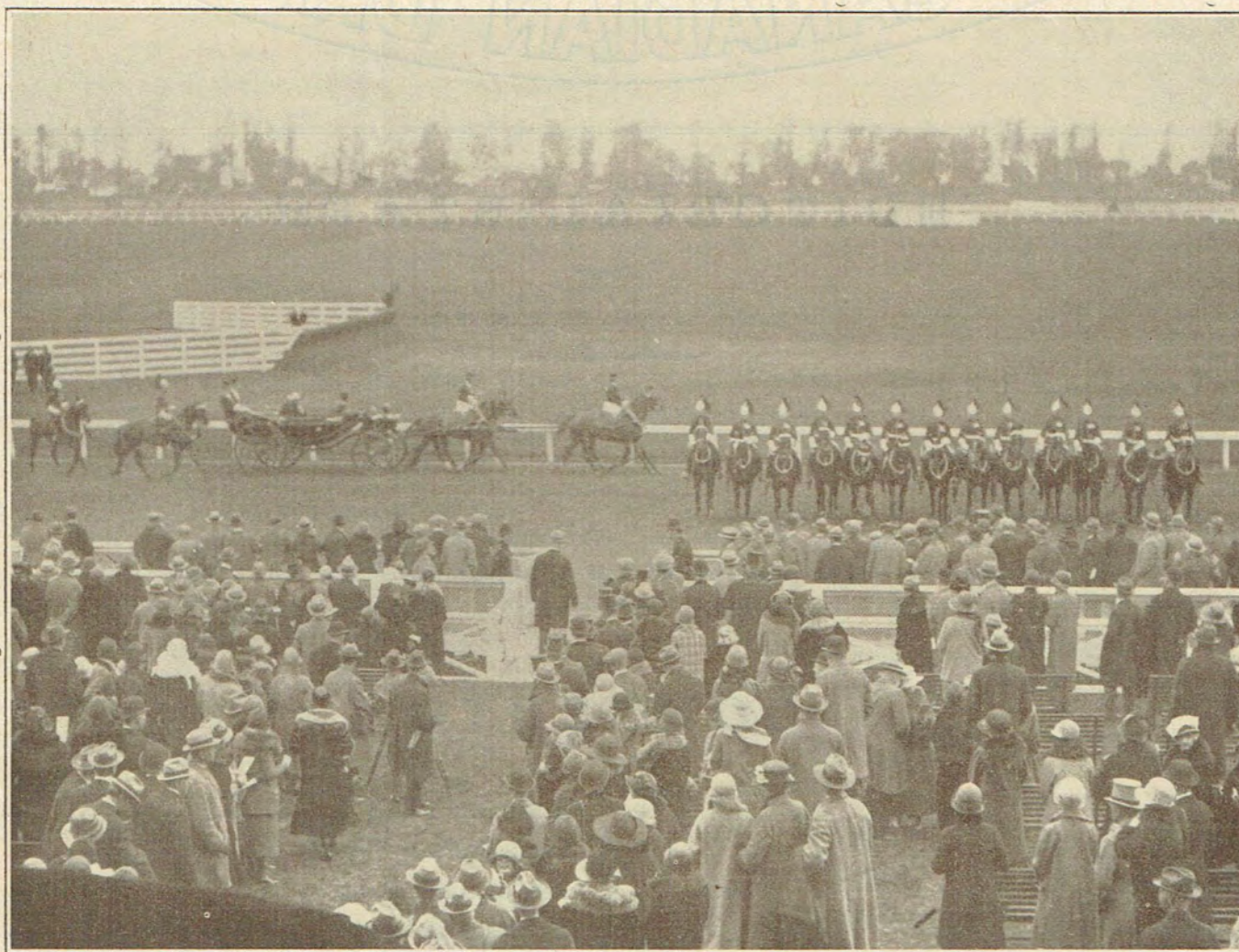
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ESCORT "B" SQN. ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS
i/c Major S. R. Timmis, D.S.O.



To His Excellency Lord Byng of Vimy—taken at the spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club
—Toronto 1925.

Editorial.

The Great War brought together the classes and masses of the Empire, in short, they became as one—class distinction was forgotten, and ties of friendship formed which should never be forgotten.

The War is over!—and many of those who vowed eternal friendship, are scattered over every corner of The Globe—some in search of a living—others still affected by the wanderlust.

What of past promises?—what of past memories—the fighting, dangers, working parties, fatigues, periods of rest, hospital, convalescence, leave,—and the many other experiences that follow in the wake of a Great War.—Are these all forgotten?—have you forgotten the men who shared these with you?—where are they?—Gone—Do you know where?—You don't.—Lost in the restless whirl of life—Lost for the want of a CONNECTING LINK—That's what we want!—"A connecting link between our Old Comrades—who strode shoulder to shoulder with us through the "Hell of it"—Comrades in Arms—not only in the Great War, but in former Wars—They've not forgotten that they fought for the Empire and also for the sake of "The Old Regiment"—Have you?—no—Well GET TOGETHER AGAIN. We have the means—We have the connecting link—our Regimental Publication "THE GOAT."

In this connection we wish to state through the editorial column, that in future it is intended to run a "Lost and Found" column.

If all Old Comrades, who are receiving "The Goat" will kindly forward the names of any of our old members with whom we are not in touch, it will be of great assistance. On meeting, a question will soon settle the matter—Are YOU subscribing to the "THE GOAT."

What do you think of this?—Let us hear from some of the Old Comrades.

Through the medium of this column, we tender our grateful appreciation to the Toronto editor,

Maj. W. Baty, R.C.D., Stanley Barracks, for the assistance he has rendered us during his term of office. Major Baty, due to stress of work, as O.C., "B" Sqn. Toronto, has been compelled to pass over his arduous duties as editor, to Capt. M. H. A. Drury, who so ably filled the same position when with "A" Sqn. at St. Johns, P.Q.

We are glad to learn that Major Baty does not intend to wholly sever his connection with the editorial staff, but has consented to remain on as advertising manager for Toronto.

Personal & Regimental

Major Timmis spent three days in Ottawa and attended the Garrison Military Ball at the Chateau Laurier on Jan. 24th.

Congratulations to Tpr. Watson on his appointment to L/Cpl.

All ranks congratulate Tpr. Cailier on his splendid work on the stage scenery.

(Toronto)

Capt. M. H. A. Drury R.C.D. arrived in Toronto last month on transfer from St. Johns, and is now at duty with "B" Squadron. He was given a hearty welcome from all ranks at Stanley Barracks. Mrs. Drury who is at present visiting her mother, Mrs. W. A. Fawell, in Sherbrooke, Que., is expected to join Capt. Drury in Toronto about the first of March. Capt. Drury, when interviewed by the Goat reporter, stated that he notices many changes in Toronto, which have taken place since he was last stationed here, seven years ago, but particularly the peculiar superstition which appears to have arisen, to the effect that "It is regarded as being most unlucky to replace a cork in a bottle, until the bottle is empty."

Major Baty, Capt. Drury, and Lieut. Gillespie, journeyed to Hamilton, Ont., last month to conduct examinations for a Provincial School of Proficiency in Riding, which had been conducted there by S.S.M.I. F. Wardell DCM. R.C.D. (I.C.) The course was held in the riding school of the Hamilton Riding Club, situated on top of the Mountain, the candidates using horses from that institution for the course. The Board were afterwards entertained by the Officers of No. 14 Signal Coy., in their Mess at the Armoury. The O.C. Coy. is an Old Comrade, Captain

H. R. Tyner MC. who went overseas with the R.C.D.'s and left us in 1915 on receiving a commission.

We were very pleased to see Major R. S. Timmis DSO. from St. Johns, who was in Toronto for a few days last month on duty.

Strength Increase to No. 573 L/Cpl. J. Martin "B" Sqn. and Mrs. Martin, a son, David Percy, born January 22nd, 1927. All ranks of the regiment, and all old Comrades will join in extending the warmest of congratulations to L/Cpl. and Mrs. Martin, and wish David Percy a long life of health and prosperity. It is understood that David Percy is to report for duty about the 1st. of May. He will not be employed on the transport, but is expected to prove a valued assistant in the Canteen as by that date he doubtless will be an expert at handling bottles.

The two regular monthly dances of the Stanley Barracks Dance Club were held last month in the Garrison Gymnasium. The committee of the Dance Club are to be congratulated upon the most efficient and enjoyable manner in which these dances are held.

Unfortunately the R.C.D. officers at Toronto have figured prominently upon the sick report during the past month. Capt. Bate who was reported last month as having undergone a serious operation in Ottawa, is still in hospital there, but reports as to his condition are most favourable. Capt. T. A. James was a patient at the Christie Street Hospital where he had to undergo another operation as a result of his old wound. We are pleased to state that he has now returned to his home, and we hope to see him back at duty soon. Captain Wood was confined to his bed for a few days, with a severe

attack of La Grippe; and Mr. Gillespie was laid up for a couple of weeks as a result of a bad kick which he received when mounted in the riding school conducting a class of Proficiency in Riding for the N.P.A.M. The caulks from the horse's shoe penetrated through his boot, inflicting four nasty wounds. He is now walking about again, but it will be some time before he will be able to wear a field boot again.

A letter from Capt. D. A. Grant MC. R.C.D. who is attached to our Sister Regiment, The 1st. Royal Dragoons, in England, states that they moved from Aldershot to Hounslow on the 8th of December.

In addition to the above, Lieut. J. P. S. Laterriere 11th. Hussars who has been attached to the regiment for the past year, serving about six months in each Squadron, was found upon medical examination prior to attending the Long Course at the Royal Military College, to be Medically unfit, and he has gone to Quebec to undergo an operation. The latest reports are that the operation has been successful and that he hopes to be well enough to report for the course at the end of the month.

Major F. Sawers MC. "A" Sqn R.C.D. paid a flying visit to Stanley Barracks last month, on his way to Brantford where he is conducting a Provisional School of Cavalry. He is being assisted by Q.M.S.I., P. Walsh R.C.D. (I.C.)

Col. The Hon. J. L. Ralston CMG., DSO. Minister of National Defence and Major General J. H. MacBrien C.B. CMG. DSO. Chief of Staff, paid a visit to Stanley Barracks on Thursday February 3rd where they spent some time in inspecting the buildings and grounds in the vicinity. On the same day



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we were also honoured by a short visit from the Premier, The Right Hon. Mackenzie King, who dropped in to the officers' mess for a few minutes to pay his respects

No. 1403 Tpr. W. T. Morgan who took his discharge last month on the expiration of his term of engagement, and returned to his home in the Old Country, has arrived back in Toronto and re-enlisted with us. Furthermore he was accompanied by his brother who is also signing up.

On Thursday February 3rd 1927, the congregation of St. John's Garrison Church, were at home in their Parish Hall to the members of the Garrison at Stanley Barracks. The Hall was crowded to capacity, with large turnout of both parishioners and troops and a most enjoyable evening spent. The first part of the entertainment took the form of a concert, in which numbers were rendered both by the soldiers and their civilian hosts, then after a substantial supper, the balance of the evening was spent in dancing. All ranks of the Garrison extend a hearty vote of thanks to the Congregation of St. John's Church for their kindness and hospitality.

We offer our congratulations to No. 165 Sgt. Major (Orderly Room Clerk) F. "Friday" Ackerman, R.C.D. on his promotion to Warrant Rank. S. M. Ackerman has had a long and distinguished career in the Canadian Forces, first joining the 8th. Royal Rifles at Quebec in 1896, and serving with them until he joined the 2nd. Battalion The Royal Canadian Regiment on Oct. 24th 1899 serving in South Africa until Nov. 11th. 1900. He enlisted again in the 3rd. Special Service Battalion, the Royal Canadian Regiment on the 29th. of April 1901 and was discharged on the 28th April 1902. He then joined the Royal Canadian Dragoons on the 7th. of May 1902, and took his discharge three years later, he returned in November 1906 for another period of three years, and after a brief period in civilian life he enlisted with us again on the 4th. of Sept. 1911 and has served continuously since that date. His appointment to Warrant Rank has been dated back to the 1st of November 1925.

We regret to announce that Sgt. W. C. Tamlyn has been admitted to Christie Street Hospital suffering with pneumonia.

The present class of the Royal School of Cavalry which commenced on January 31st. consisting of 7 N.C.O's from the 2nd. Dragoons,

3rd. Prince of Wales' Canadian Dragoons, 10th. Brant Dragoons, and the Corps of Guides, Captain J. Wood, is the officer in charge of the course, and the instructors are Q.M.S.I. Karcher M.M. and Sgt. Instr. Hallett. A provisional School of Cavalry is also being held at the Armoury, Toronto, on three evenings a week, conducted by Capt. Drury, assisted by S.S.M.I. Wardell DCM.

Bytown Bits.

Garrison Ball:—The chief social event of the military world in Ottawa was the annual ball given by the Officers of His Majesty's Forces in Ottawa on the evening of the 21st. of January in the Chateau Laurier. Over 350 guests were present and the dance was graced by the presence of His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Willingdon and a party from Government House. The music was supplied by the orchestra of the G.G.F.G. and the party continued until the early hours of the morning.

Visited Ottawa:—Among the visitors of the month was Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., from St. Johns Major Timmis is always a welcome visitor in Ottawa and his happy smile never fails to light up the area in which he is for the time being.

Will Enter Team:—It is the intention of the Officer of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards to send a team to the spring Horse Show which will be held in the course of the next few months in Toronto. The team will likely be composed of Captain H. N. Bate, and Lieuts. M. D. Williams, W. W. D. Williams and H. A. Supple.

Died Suddenly:—The flag at half mast on the Jack staff at Rideau Hall marked the passing of Mr. R. E. Osborne, M.V.O., M.C. secretary to His Excellency the Governor General. Mr. Osborne died the latter part of January after a very brief illness from pneumonia. He had considerable experience in diplomatic circles and during the war served with the Grenadier Guards. Although only a short time in Ottawa he was greatly liked by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. A very gallant English gentleman, he passed in his 40th. year. He is survived by a widow, who is a niece of Lord Willingdon.

Sergeants' Ball:—The annual ball of the Ottawa and Hull Gar-

risson Sergeants Association, will be held on the evening of the 19th instant at the Chateau Laurier. It is expected that a number of guests will be present from Montreal and Toronto, for the event.

The Drawing Room:—Their Excellencies will hold a drawing Room in the Senate Chamber on the evening of the 19th instant. The Ottawa garrison officers will supply the detail for duty on the floor of the Senate and the G.G.F.-G. the usual band and guard of honor.

Died in Bermuda:—The death occurred in Bermuda the end of January of Major General J. C. McDougall CMG. Gen. McDougall was well known in Ottawa and during the years 1915 and 1916 commanded the Canadian Training Division at Shorncliffe.

The Chief Resigns:—General regret was heard on all sides when the official announcement was made that Major General J. H. MacBrien had tendered his resignation as Chief of the General Staff. To say that he was not the most popular officer at Headquarters would be telling an untruth and the officers of the garrison are indeed sorry to see him leave the service. His loss to Canada cannot be measured and it is not very creditable that he should be allowed to leave the service he has devoted his life to.

Was well known:—Hundreds of prominent citizens representing many branches of official life, and business, joined in paying their last respects to the memory of a leading Canadian, the late Colonel William Patrick Anderson, C.M.G., V.D., whose funeral was held at St. George's Anglican Church.

Colonel Anderson died at his residence, 64 Cooper Street, on Feb. 4th following an illness of some duration. His passing removed one who was widely known not only as a civil engineer, but also as a prominent military man and educationist, and former Public School and Collegiate trustee.

The pall bearers, four sons and two nephews of the departed, were: Col. W. B. Anderson, C.M.G. D.S.O., St. John; Col. T. V. Anderson, Major A. A. Anderson D.S.O., Fort Williams; T. C. Anderson, of Winnipeg, and G. A. Holland, of Ottawa.

Following the service at the church, a large number followed the remains to Beechwood cemetery; where interment was made.

The late Col. W. P. Anderson is survived by four sons, Col. W. B.

Anderson, C.M.G., D.S.O., officer commanding military district No. 7, St. John, N.B.; Col. T. V. Anderson, director of military training, defence headquarters, Ottawa; Mr. Hugh B. Anderson, manager of the Elgin street branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Ottawa, and Major A. A. Anderson, D.S.O., engineer in the Public Works Department, Fort William; one daughter Dorothy Adelaide, wife of Mr. O. S. Tyndale, K.C., of Montreal. He also leaves one sister, Mrs. Frank White, of Fernie, B.C.

The Estimates:—It is said that the supplementary estimates will contain a few extras for the training vote for the current year. On the opening day after recess, the sum of \$390,000 for aviation passed without a murmur and the success obtained augers well for the main vote when the time comes.

Too Bad:—Horse lovers at the capital were all sorry to read of the loss sustained by the regiment in the recent fire at Stanley Barracks. Old Moonshine was a well known figure in the equine world at Ottawa and many were the expressions of regret at his passing and much sympathy was felt for Pete Bate who trained him and for Stew, who is still in the Civic Hospital. The reported loss of Golden Gleam caused a severe setback to Stew.

Toronto Notes.

Fire in the Regimental Orderly Room.

(From the Evening Telegram, Toronto, Wednesday January 26th, 1927).

"When the 'alarm' was sounded at 4.30 this morning at Stanley Barracks, and the troops hastily turned out, there were no doubt some who thought of troubles in China and an emergency call for active service. Instead, it was to fight fire.

Soldiers make expert firemen, and a bad blaze in the orderly room was under control before arrival of the city firemen, who are noted for their speed in getting to the job.

Heat from the furnace in that room had ignited the floor and a space of about twelve square feet was blazing merrily. The standard hose at the barracks was laid out in a trice and soon a stream of water from a city hydrant was playing on the flames. Upon the arrival of the firemen under District Chief Kearns, hose 9 went into action, but the fire was completely

under control when they reached the spot."

The fire was discovered and the alarm given by Lieut. J. P. de S. Laterriere 11th Hussars, who was sleeping in the attached officers' quarters, over the orderly room, and but for his prompt action, and the good work of the fire picket, the regimental records would have been lost, as the fire had already gained access to the cupboard in which they were kept, but fortunately only destroyed an unsigned cheque the property of the Station Fire Master.

Special mention must be made with regards to the efficient work of the Deputy Fire Master, Capt. W. J. Home MC. The R.C.R. who, on being awakened and informed of the fire, with great presence of mind suggested the closing of a window, thereby cutting off an immense draft of "Hot Air".

The Annual Dinner of the W.O.'s S/Sgts & Sgts. of the Mississauga Horse was held at the Carls-Rite Hotel, Thursday Jan. 20, 1927.

With this Regiment there are many of our ex-members who served through the Great War, and also many men from Stanley Barracks who have taken their discharge within the past few years.

The members of the Permanent Force will concur with me, I feel sure, and congratulate the Mississauga on the following:

First R.S.M. F. A. Quinney & committee deserve congratulations on the success of their dinner. Second, with regards to the Toast to the Canadian Militia given by Mr. Tommy Church and responded to by one who was most ably fitted Col. W. W. Denison, DSO.

This coming June the Denison family will have been actively connected with the Canadian Militia for the past 105 years.

His great-grandfather formed the first troop of cavalry (20) at Oakville, the outcome of which is represented today by the 1st Cavalry Brigade in this District.

Amongst those present was S.S.M. A. C. Hanks, Sgt. G. R. Hamilton of the Miss. Horse, and R.S.M. (Nobby) Clark of the G.G.B.G. who served with the R.C.Ds. and many others who where with the Canadian Cavalry Brigade in France and Flanders.

Marked with all the traditional pageantry of booming guns, clicking sabres and prancing horses, the first session of the Seventeenth Legislature of Ontario got under way yesterday afternoon. His Honor W. D. Ross, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, escorted by a detachment of the Royal Canadian

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Dragoons, arrived at the Parliament Buildings on the stroke of three, inspected the guard of honor from the Royal Canadian Regiment, and proceeded inside the buildings to read the Speech from the Throne.

The following were the personnel of the Travelling Escort; Capt. M.H.A. Drury, Sgt. G. W. Tamlyn, Cpls. Blake and Berry, L/Cpl. Wade, and Tprs. Faulkner, Hare, Beatty, Coleman, Jessamine, Nickle, Webb Searle and Walsh.

After returning to His Honor's residence on St. George St. His Honor The Lieutenant-Governor thanked Captain Drury for the excellent manner in which they had carried out their duty, and commented upon the smart appearance of men and horses, and he then invited the Escort into his house for refreshments, before their return to Barracks.

A reception was held in the Garrison Officers Mess at the Toronto Armouries on Thursday afternoon February 3rd, when two hundred officers of the Garrison were present to welcome The Hon. Col. Ralston C.M.G. DSO. Minister of National Defence on his first official visit to Toronto. Maj. Gen. J. H. MacBrien C.B. CMG. DSO. Chief of Staff was also present and many expressions of regret were heard as a result of his coming retirement

which was announced in the papers two days previously.

The Annual Ball of the Mississauga Horse, and also that of the Toronto Garrison Sergeants Mess were held on Friday evening Feb. 4th, at the King Edward and The Prince George Hotels respectively. As usual these two functions were attended to capacity by members of the Toronto Garrison, and adjudged to be the best yet.

She—What do you think of women who imitate men?

He—They are fools

She—Oh, I really don't believe they imitate them to that extent.

Professor: "Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the square of the two sides of this triangle?"

Student: "I don't have to prove it; I admit it."

"My father can write about ten lines of poetry and get a guinea," said the first boy, with a superior air.

"That's nothing," said the second "My father can draw a few lines, put on some notes of music and get five pounds."

"Well, you'll both have to go away back and sit down," said the third "My dad's a preacher, and he can say about a dozen words, and it takes four men to carry the money down the aisles."

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(Continued)

You will find that it is not every man who knows the name of the King of England. This sort of general questioning 'makes men think'. Note:—Does every man know the correct pronunciation of the name of all Officers in the Regiment?

Just note that as you call out these men, every man hands over his horse quickly to the next file—doubles up to you and stands strictly at attention. You are training them to be quick, smart and alert.

24.—Now on my way home I want to keep up their interest so I adopt a different form of training, but it is still really 'Equitation'.

25.—I have occasionally noticed that Smith's horse was bad at standing still when alone, so I say to him as we pass a cross-road 'Stay there—and make your horse stand still and watch that side road until I blow my whistle'.

I thus practise him in riding, fixing the attention of his 'eye' and also keeping his 'ears' open.

26.—A little further on the road bends and I've seen up to this point. Smith was doing his job alright so I called him in by the whistle, and he trots or canters quietly and catches up.

At the bend in the road I left Brown and Robinson to watch back down the road, and I can still see, watch how their horses behave as Smith canters past.

Note:—See they take up a good position as regards back-ground, and cover.

I then call them in by whistle.

Note:—You must know the 'Power' of your whistle, and don't forget whether you are up wind or down.

27.—I remember Jones' horse is bad at leaving the ranks so I tell Jones who is leading file to turn about, trot a 100 yards past the end of the troop, and then to re-join at a trot, cautioning him to be sure that his horse does not canter when coming in.

28.—White's horse is I know bad at passing other horses, so I tell him to trot up from rear file till he gets 150 yards ahead of the troop, then to halt and make his horse stand quite still until the troop has passed, and he can resume his place.

29.—Whilst White's performance was going on we passed a sign post. After we got about 20 yards past I asked Green what was on the sign post. He did not know we had

passed one, so I told him to go back and look.

30.—I want to halt for two minutes to practise another thing. At each side of the road is a small ditch just wide enough for a horse to stand in.

I tell every man to make his horse stand in the ditch. It is not easy to make a horse do it. Have you tried it? The first time or two he will make 'evasion's' and jump the ditch. It is a valuable exercise apart from Equitation because the fact of being able to put your troop or a patrol quickly into ditches at the side of the road may on occasion make all the difference in the enemy observing you.

Our aim is usually 'to see without being seen.'

31.—My last exercise is I think most important to all of you, and one that may well be practised. You have all taken a part in the 'Sport of Kings' which as Mr. Jorrock said 'was the image of War without its guilt and only 25% of the danger', so I give you an illustration from fox hunting which applies to soldiering.

Was there not many a time when a whip, who went on to watch a ride in the wood, or view a fox away at the end of the covert, fails to see him. What happened? New boots too tight, new coat (rather proud of himself) so he could not 'fix' his attention or, his horse would not stand alone and kept turning round. Consequently he misses seeing our friend cross the ride, or go away.

We lost a good hunt.

32.—Now I am out on patrol and see an enemy patrol, and I think he has not seen me, but he had. I have seen other patrols about and know my position is not quite easy. My men are few and I am anxious to know if that enemy patrol crosses that open spot just by the big wood, whilst I slip across to that copse on my right to see what is doing.

So I leave one man (or two) to watch for that patrol till I've made good the copse.

The man I left could not 'fix' his attention or make his horse stand still, so he did not see that patrol slip across into the wood. The next I know is shots behind me. The man I left was the Whip before the War. Had he and his horse been trained (HERE shall we say) before he became a whip, we should not have lost that good hunt, he would not have lost his life.

33.—This illustration, a simple one, will I hope impress on you how important it is that every individual in your troop should 'ride well', i.e. make his horse do ex-

actly what he wants at any moment. They won't do it unless you make the men understand 'Equitation' and unless you understand how to train your horses.

34.—Tell your men little illustrations like this. Take out your subalterns and sergeants and they will remember these things.

35.—This has I think completed a very nice quiet morning's work and as there is a quarter of an hour to spare on my return before I have to go to stables I just jot down a few notes for the next day and make a note or two in my troop diary of which men want brushing up a bit in sword work etc.

36.—This is just a rough outline of what is meant by 'Road Equitation', but only a fraction of the number of useful exercises which you could do are mentioned.

The art of the whole thing is to vary your work. Never do one thing for too long, and above all never let your men get bored.

It is good for you—your brain is busy. Of course you must suit your work and explanations to the weather. All you want is Common sense instruction.

When you go to stables you see that all your men look merry and bright, and have obviously enjoyed themselves.

37.—Now there are other things we might have done, such as Balance motions—making each man run for five minutes leading his horse Dismount even numbers and let them run holding onto stirrup iron whilst odd numbers lead horses.

All these are useful if it is a cold morning. On fine mornings off saddling and saddling up quickly but quietly.

Other things.—Riding without stirrups—changing horses mounting without stirrups and dismounting at a trot without checking the pace, but this is better done on mornings when you don't carry arms.

38.—And 100 variations which you can think of for yourself.

39.—The whole secret is this—Train your mind to be as they say in U.S. 'A live wire' and you will train your men to be the same.

40.—In all this work, or in fact in any work a few special points stand out:—

1. Must know your job if you are going to teach—therefore know detail in book and be able to "spot" faults. Remember give praise as well as Blame.

2. Never go on parade not sure of what you are going to teach. Programme over night.

3. Work—interesting and progressive—don't try and cram too much into their heads in one day.

4. Aim at getting cheerful, willing men who 'enjoy' your parade, and don't regard it as a fatigue'.

Instill—quickness and smartness into your men. Your word of command must make them MOVE.

6. To waste time on parade is criminal. No use in standing at ease half the time doing nothing, whilst men and horses catch cold. Employ those few minutes it takes to ride out, to and home from the parade ground, in doing something.

7. Never chuck it up two miles from home and 'slop' home. There's lots to do whilst horses are walking in such as, drawing swords—riding on bit reins, etc., practise of eyes right etc.

8. As to halts. Always for five minutes after first twenty or half hour. Others are required but remember if it is a cold day, halt in the shelter if you can. I might here mention that of course you should take every opportunity to graze on fine days.

9. Don't keep men out on appalling wet days, or go out on them. Have a little lecture—on drill, map reading, stable management, the Rifle, Hotchkiss, or take them to the forge to watch a horse shod. They are keen to learn.

41.—Encourage your men and take an interest in them, and in their recreations as well as their work. (They are real good fellows) and they will stand by you and respect you, and their 'moral' will be Al. Always remember YOU are their leader.

A little saying to remember is "Don't do nothing because there is nothing to do".

TROOP HORSES

(From Songs of Horses—Houghton Mifflin Company)

Through lingering long months idle
They have kept you ready and fit,
All shining from hock to bridle

All burnished from hoof to bit;
The set of your silk coat's beauty.
The light of its lightest hair,
Was an anxious trooper's duty
And a watchful captain's care.

Not the keenest eye could discover,
The sign of the sloth on you,
From the last mane-lock laid-over
To the nail tight in the shoe;
A blast, and your ranks stood ready;
A shout, and your saddles filled;
A wave, and your troop was ready
To wheel where the leaders willed.

"Fine drawn and fit to the buckle!"
Was your confident Colonel's pride,
And the faith of the lads—"our luck'll
Come back when the spring winds
ride;"
And dropping their quaint oaths drol-
ly,
They dragged their spurs in the
mire,
Till the Western Front woke slowly
And they won to their Heart's de-
sire.

They loose you now to the labours
That the needs of the hour reveal.
And you carry the proud old sabres
To cross with a tarnished steel;
So, steady-and keep your position--
And stout be your hearts today,
As you shoulder the old tradition
And charge in the ancient way!
Will H. Ogilvie.

AROUND THE BARRACKS AT ST. JOHNS

The remarks passed recently about the trumpet calls rendered by our prize ear-torturers, are absolutely uncalled for. In view of the present international crisis, all calls are to be rendered in Chinese.

We hear that the man who received a full cheque for the month of January, is progressing favorably, and will soon be allowed to take nourishment.

An English paper recently stated that the tomb of Tutankamen is nearly 200 feet below the earth's surface. Trooper "Harry" Gravel says that he sleeps in the same room as a man who, during the late war, lived in a much deeper dug-out than that.

The rumour that the League of Nations has placed a ban on bagpipes as instruments of war, is without foundation.

Stating emphatically that he had not arranged a trip to the South Sea Islands in the event of war, Cpl. "Heavy" Desnoyers mentioned that he has completed the negotiations for the sale of his bomb-proof shelter in Alaska.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

When is the 1st. Troop rough rider going to give another exhibition of his skill or perhaps he is reserving himself for a second enlistment in the R.C.M.P. after Spring Training (as a signaller).

Who was the recruit who thought that the "Full Bent" was part of his anatomy?

Why the saying "I want to see 'em," no longer strikes terror into the 1st Troop stable; may be "Bill" Campbell can explain.

Is Corporal Cassidy tired these mornings, and whether he likes early morning "constitutionals".

Why does Tpr. Beetham spend so many evenings in Barracks now, perhaps his secretarial duties fatigue him. We wonder!

C.O.T.C.

The McGill Squadron C.O.T.C. is at present undergoing a course at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q. On Sundays about 15 students, i/c of Captain McGoun report at the Cavalry Barracks at 10 a.m. The day is then taken up with equitation and stable economy in the morning, followed by lectures in the afternoon on foods and feeding-stable economy-grooming—minor ailments—saddle fitting, etc. Towards the latter stages of the course a tactical exercise will be run and examinations held on foot and arm drill, equitation, troop and squadron drill, musketry and horsemastership.

The students have lunch and supper at the officers' mess after which they catch the 6.15 train back to Montreal. They all seem to take thorough enjoyment out of the course.

The following are attending the course:—

Capt. McGoun, Officer i/c.
Lieut. Howell.
B.Q.M.S. Graham.
Sgt. Maj. Stanyar.
Cadet Sgt. Swan.
Cpl. Gillan.
Cadet Gamble.
" Anderson.
" Ceappy.
" Cathcart.
" Murray.
" Bambrick.
" Coppin.
" Ginsberg.
" Brosseau.
" Tait.
" Macdougall.
" Vezina.

"JOEY", the 20-year old white horse which has served fifteen years with the Life Guards and was to have been destroyed but was reprieved by the King after he saw him perform in the pike and musket pageant at the recent Royal Tournament at Olympia in London, has finished his Army career. When the Life Guards, who have been on duty in London for the past two years changed over with the Royal Horse Guards and rode to barracks at Windsor this week, "Joey" went with them. In a few days time he will be sent into retirement on a farm on the Windsor Castle estate. The Guards, nearly 300 of each regiment rode the 24 miles to and from Windsor but "Joey" had no rider. His only harness was a bridle and he was led. As the Life Guards passed the Royal Horse Guards on the Great West Road the men of the latter regiment (from Windsor) shouted friendly greetings for a happy retirement of "Joey" as he trotted majestically by.—Toronto Saturday Night.



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Old Comrades Notes.

Old Comrades are referred to the account of the New Years At Home, held in the Station Sergeants Mess, Stanley Barracks, for the list of Old Comrades who were present at the above mentioned function

Our congratulations are extended to Constable Wm. Simpson (Ex. R.C.D.) of the Toronto Police Force, for his capture of a fugitive life convict.

As this is the second important capture made by Constable Simpson within a short period, we trust that it will not be long before he receives a deserved promotion.

We have gained touch with B. J. Terry who enlisted as No. 628 on the 11th. September 1894 and was discharged by purchase on the 23rd. of April 1895. He is now living at 95 Ashburnham Road, Toronto, has joined the Old Comrades Association, and has been supplied with a copy of the Goat.

We are pleased to report that we have gained touch with a very "Old Comrade", that is to say old in the length of time since he left the service, but the years have dealt kindly with Mr. Lew Till, who after serving with us in the Boer War was discharged as a Lance Corporal over twenty years ago, still looks hale and hearty. Lew Till was in Toronto on New Years day and was a welcome visitor to the At Home at the Sergeants Mess, his present address is 823 West End Ave., New York, and he is in the service of The Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., as a conducting officer accompanying their various World's Cruises. He sailed from New York on Jan. 15th on the "Asturias" on the Second Great African Cruise touching at Trinidad Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires, thence to Africa visiting Capetown, Mossel Bay, Port Elizabeth Durban, Mozambique, Zanzibar, and Mombasa, through the Suez Canal touching Aden, Port Sudan, and Port Tewafik-Suez, with inland tours to Khartoum, Cairo and Jerusalem, from Alerandria across the Mediterranean to Naples, and Monaco, thence to Gibraltar, Southampton and Cherbourg, returning to New York about April 25th.

We hasten to congratulate Mr. Till upon the success he has made of his career since leaving the service, and must admit that after looking over the itinerary of the cruise, and then looking out of the window that we feel a bit envious. Mr. Till, whose old regimental

number was 789, has joined the old Comrades Association, and become a subscriber to The Goat.

After returning to New York, Mr. Till sent the following letter to R. S. M. Churchward.

823 West End Ave., New York,
City January 6th 1927.

Dear Sgt. Major:

Your very thoughtful letter to hand. I shall always be interested to hear of my old "love" the R.C.D.'s. Sorry I am that I have ever missed interesting past events. I could not help it when I got among you fellows once again on New Years day the emotion so overcame me I could not hold back the tears, not an evidence of weakness, but it seemed I was back again with true fellows, the old boys I had spent so many happy days with, and the canteen where many a fine evening was had. I could see my old comrades in imagination sitting around with pewter pots that had the glass bottom, playing "tippit", and how hard up we were having all our pay at the end of the month absorbed by a new suit of underwear, knife, fork, and spoon, with a balance of 12 cents coming—and the Sgt. Major said: "Sign here".

I am leaving on Jan. 15th for a trip almost around the world, on this same mail I have sent you a circular booklet of the cruise, will return to N.Y. April 25th.

Good luck to you and the boys till we meet again.

Very sincerely

Lew Till.

We are pleased to announce that Tpr. Scotty Brunelle is the first to answer our appeal for more advertising, instructions having been received to run the following ad for the next six issues.

SCOTTY BRUNELLE TAXI SERVICE

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(any time, especially during a phat game)
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Agent: "Why don't you advertise?"
Village Gocer. "No. I did once and it pretty near ruined me!"

"How was that?"
"People came in and bought near all the stuff I had."

Magistrate: "Why should I show you mercy? This is not your first offence."

Prisoner: "No your honour, but it's my lawyer's first case."

OBITUARY

We regret having to mention the death of another Old Comrade in the person of Robert (Jock) Stewart, late of first troop, 'B' Squadron, who was one of the four fireman killed at the recent Winnipeg Theatre fire.

We extend our sincere sympathy to his relatives.

OBITUARY

We regret to chronicle the death of Master William John Britt, age six who died in January 1927 from Scarlet Fever.

All ranks extend their sympathy to Sergeant and Mrs. Britt in their sad bereavement.

Sergeant and Mrs. Britt wish to thank all ranks of the Station for their kind sympathy and the floral offerings, also Major Williams and N/S Wylie for the assistance in their recent bereavement.

THE CAVALRY BARRACKS RIFLE ASSOCIATION

Activities of the rifle association were much curtailed during January, due to the old fort being closed for extensive repairs. A new floor has been put down and the building repaired and the walls relined. Two furnaces are to be installed, which will make it possible to open the range for practice in the evening. This will be very necessary during February to make up for lost time.

The only match fired last month was the first of the miniature rifle series R.C.D. vs. Three Rivers Regiment, resulting in a win for the R.C.D.

Major F. Sawers M.C was range officer and the following scores were made:—

Q.M.S.I. R. J. Brown	99
Tpr. H. Allingham	97
Tpr. W. G. Bold	96
Cpl. W. E. McKerrall	94
Tpr. W. Story	91

477

As a team this is a fair showing for the first match, but should be improved the next time we fire.

"I certainly envy Mrs. Fatleigh when she laughs."

"Why?"

"There seems to be so much of her that is having a good time."

Letters to the Editor.

Christie St., Hospital
Toronto January, 21, 1927

Dear Gerri:

I have just received the latest copy of "The Goat". Whilst I have not yet read it, I saw the picture that you are asking questions about. The picture was taken by me on Christmas day 1915, at Aldershot Huts.

The picture depicts a rat hunt. Several dogs were digging in the bank at the time. You will notice that many of the men are carrying sticks. As the rats bolted from the holes in the bank, they were pursued by a mass of dogs and men. The dogs barking and the men shouting and cheering excitedly, whilst making wild swipes at the scurrying rats. The hunt on this day—and it was after dinner—followed the ditches and hedges for a couple of miles and was quite an exciting affair.

You will notice the mud glimmering on the road in the foreground. Many of the figures are liberally bespattered with mud, but all were very happy. The figure in the road at the right looking at the picture is Bailey of 'B' Squadron—he is now with the Toronto Fire Department. The left hand figure on the road is Cpl. Shrimpton of 'C' Squadron. The figure to the left on top of the bank is "Long" Hansen—if I remember rightly. The slight black line in the background shows the long line of poplar trees lining the road leading to Neuve Eglise.

Yours

Jimmie James

387 Tweed Ave., Elmwood
Winnipeg 21/1/27.

To the Editor,
"The Goat".

Dear Sir:—

While I read "The Goat" with great interest and look forward to its coming I have done little to help it along. Recently I had an opportunity of doing a little missionary work for "The Goat" by speaking about it to "Shorty" J. Chambers, 755 William Ave. and E. R. Martin, Manitoba Apts., both of Winnipeg and late of 4th troop 'B'. Both were quite interested when told about "The Goat".

In answer to A. B. Martin's letter re the Advance on Cambrai in 1917, I understand the first troop under Mr. Whitehead were sent to hold the bridge on the right of Mesminiers to cover the retreat

of the infantry and when the infantry had retired the first troop were withdrawn. That is what I have always thought. If wrong would be pleased to hear the reason.

Old members of the squadron will be sorry to hear of the death of "Jock" Robt. Stewart, late of first troop 'B', who was one of the four firemen killed at the Winnipeg Theatre fire. Jock will be remembered by all who were at Maresfield Park, as he was a member of the troupe that afforded us much pleasure, namely Major Timmis, "Tatcho" Butler, "Porky" Sharp, "Willie" Aisthorpe, and last but not least "Jock" Stewart.

A word in parting to Fred Powell, to say that silent readers I meet do not criticise work of the workers but enjoy it very much. So keep up the good work "Fred".

For a drone I have surpassed myself and will try to come to life a little oftener.

Yours for a successful year,
"Ackie"

(J. B. Akerstream.)

Feb 1st. 1927

To the Editor
"The Goat"

Major Nordheimer in his interesting narrative of March 1917 Operations, in your January issue, makes a small error and the 4th Troop, 'B' Squadron, feel they have been neglected. The party that captured the prisoners under Lieut. Price, DSO, MC, was not the 3rd Troop, but a hastily collected party, consisting of 14 men of the 4th Troop under Sgt. Aisthorpe, DCM, MM, and 3 men of the 3rd Troop. Price was the 3rd Troop leader and commanded the party, for which he got his MC and Aisthorpe got his MM. The action referred to followed after the Squadron had captured Longavesnes. Aisthorpe was made SSM, a few days after.

Yours, etc.

R.S.T.

(Special to "The Goat")

Ottawa, Ont. Jan 28th
News was received here to-day, that "Harry" Gravel has refused the post as Chief-of-Staff to the Canadian Permanent Force. It is expected that he will be approached by the U.S. with regard to a transfer to the famous 10th Cavalry. C.P.A. Tel.

Visitor: "And how old is your baby,
Small Sister: "He isn't old at all.
He's a this year's model."

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HORSE v. TRACTOR

Major Nordheimer sends us from Chicago an article by an unknown person, titled, "A horse drawn army". The author of this article exposes in a forcible manner the danger of "a little knowledge." He goes to much trouble to explain the reason the late war lasted so long was due to the fact that it was a horse-drawn army. He says "Military experience in the world war proved that the horse is 'through' as an army draft animal," and later he says "The weight of the horse's inertia is an overwhelming burden upon the professional soldier, and to base organization upon horses, which will soon cease to exist, as men who know how to drive and care for horses have already ceased to exist is to reduce the army to an archaic absurdity".

We can picture the author of this nonsense as one who certainly never saw any war of movement in the late war and as one who probably never got nearer the front line than LeHavre, if he even got to France at all, and certainly never saw service in the East. It is regrettable that the Chicago papers are so pressed for "copy" as to publish absolute nonsense, but I suppose the public swallow it.

We know well that in civilized countries most of the transport will in future, be mechanical and that despatch riding will be done by motorcycle or bicycles, but even with perfect roads, he who thinks that in a war of movement mechanical vehicles can replace the draft horse, deserve our sincerest sympathy; he is either very backward in his military knowledge or else his mind needs examination. And we do not think the ubiquitous Henry Ford has yet invented a machine to take the place of the 9000 horses in a Cavalry Division.

We conclude by countering this wise philosopher by quoting from Washington (Jan. 16th 1927) "Discarding tractor in favor of horse—U.S. Artillery Officers find latter superior in field to former—Experienced field artillery officers commend a proposal to convert the battalion of light tractor-drawn field artillery at Fort Benning, Ga. into a horse-drawn organization. Experience in the field has demonstrated on many occasions the superiority of the horse over the tractor."

R.S.T.

Tailor Measuring customer for a suit: "And now would you like the pockets sir?"

Macpherson. "Weel—just a wee bit deerficult to get at."

Soldiering.

(Continued)

Before continuing my enthralling narrative permit me to express the wish that 1927 will treat all of us as well as we expect. And now to get on with this pulsating drama that seems endless. The more one writes the more one can. One thought brings many recollections and it is exceedingly difficult to know just what to leave out. Writing in this fashion puts one in the position of a chap preaching from a pulpit. No applause is given and he never really knows the impression created. He probably thinks his oration excellent yet never knows what his flock thinks about it all. I am in pretty much the same position. Each month the ramblings of a disordered brain are committed to paper and appear before thousands who accept them in silence. As an actor lives for applause so a writer (no matter how obscure) likes to know how his stuff is going. If it prove dull and uninteresting he should be told. If it be otherwise he would be tremendously gratified to know it. Get me. Too late now. Solicited praise or condemnation is worthless and if you have any criticism to offer continue to lock it within yourself for I don't want it. If this stuff of mine bores you stiff there is none to blame but yourself. How can I tell? I'm no mind reader.

Having bawled you out I'll get on with it.

Last month I was speaking of Westhof Farm. I'll continue with the subject. Rations were good and plentiful but the pay seemed shockingly inadequate. Twenty francs (or was it fifteen?) could never be stretched across the long interval of two weeks or more between pay-days. Supplementary sums were obtained from either relatives or monied friends. The people of the country charged like the devil for whatever they sold. Wine was a franc a bottle. The passionate craving all men had for eggs, chips and coffee was a severe drain upon their pockets. To be broke the same day on which I was paid was nothing unusual. Often my civilian friends failed me and then the position was indeed rotten. Had borrowed on the strength of a registered letter and if this failed to materialize on the expected date, my creditors were not exactly pleasant about it.

When funds were very low one succumbed too often to the temptation to stake his little all on the turn of a card. In 99 cases out of a hundred he would lose out

but occasionally luck was with him. For example. Three of us, Barber, Barter and myself found ourselves one night with just enough money between us to buy a bottle of wine. Before parting with our all at the estaminet we discussed the advisability of investing upon the Crown and Anchor board conducted by Blinder Bates. It was decided to take the chance. But who should officiate? Tossed for it. Barter was chosen to do the dirty work. Too much was at stake. We walked to the other side of the room while Barter studied the board. Of course he'd lose. Damned fools that we were. Why did we not make sure of the one bottle at least? Now we'd get none at all. Bumming was a bit undignified. Fortune took pity on our desperate plight that night however Barter planked the lot on the old Sergeant-Major and blest if three didn't roll up. This was stupendous luck. Making sure of a bottle each we sent Barter back with what remained to have another shot. This he lost.

Although up in the forward area I had not yet seen anything to write home about. Soldiering continued to be a pleasant pastime. True one heard guns rumbling over in the distance and occasionally the naval people would fire their long range beauty from the tracks on the Neuve Eglise road but this failed to excite. Old sweats were fond of saying that war "puts years on yer". This seemed wrong. Made us feel younger if anything. The original members of the regiment had seen some pretty unpleasing spectacles since their arrival in France, yet differed in no way from the men as I had known them on Salisbury Plains. When free they acted like school-boys. This is probably my reason for finding soldiering so attractive. Really men are boys always although civilian life compels them to adopt an air of dignity. It is ever so much easier to act like kids but convention prevents this and we become stodgy and ridiculous. Because we are grown up we must be serious. Beastly bore. Ever notice how men act when away on their own somewhere?

See 'em running along the beach clad in next to nothing shouting and laughing. And the tales they tell. Whew. Totally different from their deportment in their offices. City life is essentially artificial. We speak and act not as we would but as convention dictates. Damn convention. In the army this was flung to the bow-wows. We were natural. That's why we liked each other so. Beer and other things have a similar effect upon us. A drunk may ap-

pear a bit unpleasant but he is himself and that makes all the difference. Strange but one can always believe a man when he is drunk. Never mind the drunks, however. Those men in France. Are they the same to-day? Not a bit of it.

Once again are they in the merciless clutch of convention. Our real self is hidden under this assumption of dignity and the consequence is that friendships as known in the army are rarely encountered amongst civilians. At heart we are unchanged but the restraining influence of modern civilization makes us strangers almost to ourselves.

All of us, save perhaps the chaps on the baseball team, rather liked physical jerks before breakfast. What I liked best was a long run on a fresh morning just as the sun was making its presence known. There was something big in it. The clean air, the respirations of the runners as they doubled over the grass, their feet removing the dew and leaving behind a track of brilliant green; oh, it was good to be alive. But hard on the chaps who indulged too freely in "gasps". They could always fall out, however, if they so wished. Turning in the direction of home it became a race. Major Kingsford always won and Newky sure of a place at least. A bit of a wash and we were ready for breakfast. Locky White officiated as cook in those days and very well did he fill the thankless office. Cooks can make things especially rotten for the men, and so they did but just then Locky was at the bat and, strange to relate, was a favourite with all.

Rations were almost too plentiful. More jam was issued than we could consume. The end of our hut at Bulford was at one time completely hidden by pots of jam. Good jam, mind you. Hartley's or Crosse and Blackwell's. As both these firms are paying thousands for this publicity you will quite understand. It's good jam, anyway.

In those days of plentitude a man would scorn to even think of taking jam from a jar already opened. For one thing a fresh pot was always available and then again, a pot, once opened, became the feeding, breeding, and burial ground of flocks, flights, herds or whatever you choose to designate millions of wasps.

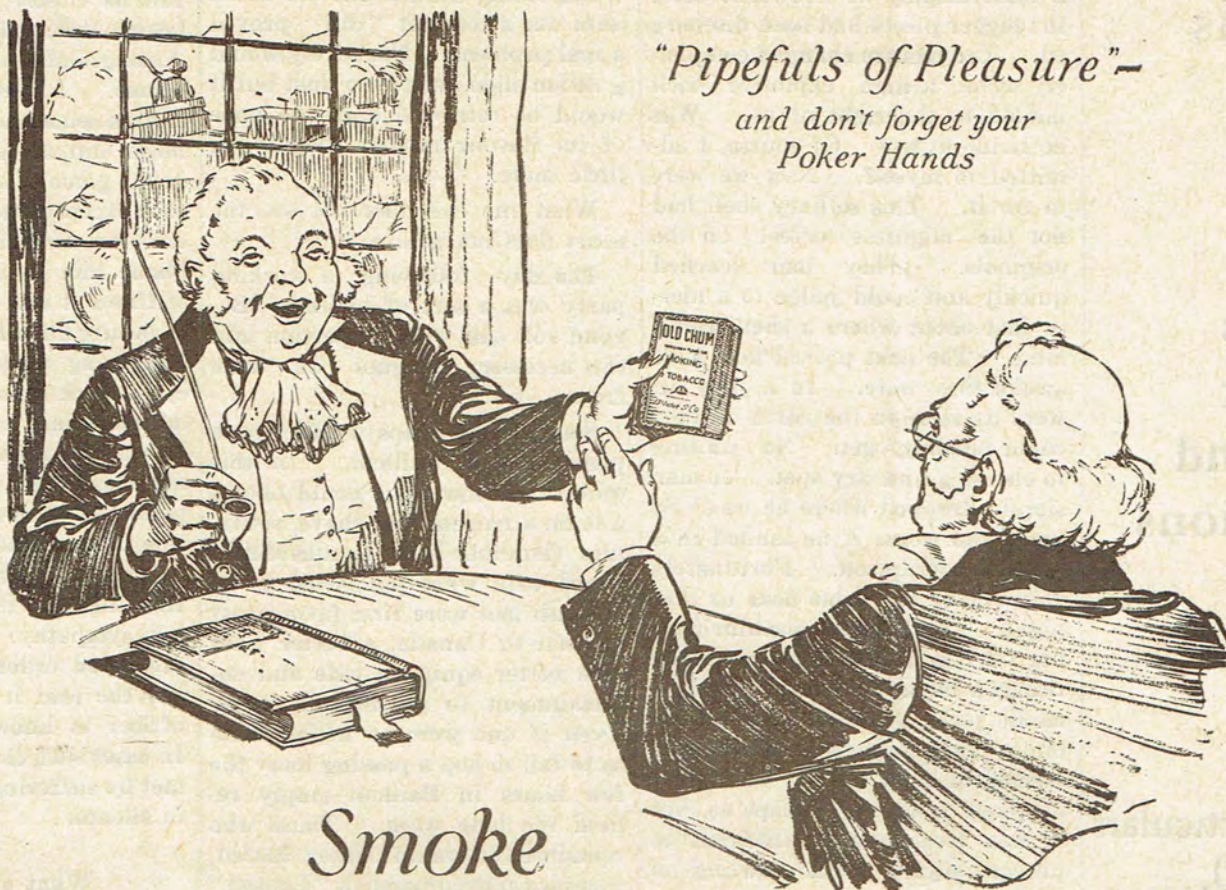
Working Party

We are practically all warned to fall in at about 4 in the afternoon for working party. This seemed promising. I would actually see the line. Rifles were carried

As nobody ever seemed to get hurt on these expeditions had no worries on that score. It excited just the same although the men familiar with this sort of thing just considered it a nuisance. It was dark before Ration Farm was reached. Before getting this far had seen a battery of our own field guns firing, flares going up and heard the buzz of a stray bullet. Anxious to do the right thing I closely watched my companions. No attention was paid to these "strays". That's wrong. My half section did. He taught me a bad habit that was difficult to lose. Buck Lonsdale it was. Poor old Buck. Whenever that unmistakable buzz-z was heard he would look up and around, exclaiming at the same time, "who did that?" Don't think he really expected to see this stray bullet but always did he look for it, and so, for a time, did I.

Quite too dark to see much of Ration Farm. Shells had made a few holes in the walls but the place was considered to be quite bomb-proof. Rigid attention was paid to the "No Lights" order. Men were more cautious in those days and disobedience of the order almost unknown. Later on in the game there was always present some bright conscript who failed to see the necessity for this "crazy order". Looked like rain. No moon. Bit disappointing for I wanted to see things. Suppose we were about a couple of miles from the actual line and I felt I had been had. Hard to say what I wanted to see. Difficult to itemize. The paramount wish was to see the war. So far it seemed but little different from the night when we set out from Westdown. South to play at trench digging. Much activity noticeable here at Ration Farm; much activity and plenty of noise. Could never understand why the enemy neglected to drop a few shells amongst us.

All that seemed to concern the chaps was the nature of the job. Would it be digging or carrying. Most apparently preferred the latter. Not to-night. Other things were required of us. A trench was to be dug in the vicinity of the old Hennessay chateau. We were told to each take a shovel from the pile as we passed and every fourth man would take a pick in addition. For one I did not happen to be a fourth. Leaving the farm we walked overland. "No lights .. no talking". Nothing happened out of the ordinary. Buck discovered an enemy sniper had picked him for his own. The night was surprisingly quiet. Had expected a devil of a racket up in front. Reaching higher ground one could see the line marked out



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by the flares sent up by uncertain sentries. Farther over the enemy was doing the same. Rather pretty effect. So this was really the seat of war. Amazing in its dullness. Quiet and peaceful, sort of a mild display of fireworks after the bigger pieces had been discharged. The picture changed completely when a high explosive shell landed to the right of us. Was he firing at us? Of course, I admitted to myself. Now we were in for it. This solitary shell had not the slightest effect on the originals. They had learned quickly and could judge to a nicety just about where a shell would land. The next proved how wide awake they were. In a jiffy all were as close to the earth as they could possibly get. No waiting to choose a nice dry spot. A man simply dropped where he was. So much the worse if he landed in a mass of corruption. Fortunately only one or two came near us that night. An expert machine-gunner over in the enemy lines made things a bit unpleasant. In spasmodic jerks would be rake our vicinity with bullets. Those who seemed to know said he was firing over our heads. Perhaps so, but it was tremendously difficult to prevent myself from crawling on all fours.

Work this night proved to be a "task job". This meant we would return to camp as soon as we had completed the task set by those unloved Engineer Persons. Each man was required to dig a section of trench. Forget the dimensions. Each section was carefully pegged out. Believe we had to make it six feet deep. Following the example of the old-timer I removed both my tunic and shirt and dug in. The chap with the pick loosened the sods which were placed on one side for future use. Thanks to the easy soil I managed to finish almost as soon as the more experienced. Two unlucky blighters had to dig across a road and it was pleasing to note that there was always somebody to help 'em out a bit.

Back in camp soon after midnight. Locky had tea ready for us. After a feed... somehow or other one could eat at any hour of the day or night... sleep until awakened by the call, "Breakfast up". Nobody stirred. Apparently all were sound asleep until a move was made by one or two of those not yet made familiar with the tricks of the trade. All then were very much awake and all wanted personal attention. "Come on, be a sport, get mine and I'll get yours tomorrow, come on, be a sport". Difficult to refuse. One

would climb down from the loft via a somewhat rickety ladder with as many additional mess-tins as he thought possible of handling. These fortunately, were of the Infantry pattern. No difficulty in transporting the tea but the bacon with its attendant "dip" proved a real problem. Not rarely would a ration slide away into dust but it would be retrieved and lose none of its flavour though weighing a little more.

What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve.

The day following a working party was a sort of holiday. Beyond roll call, rifle inspection and the necessary fatigues we were free.

Some of the chaps would secure permission to Baillieu. In this quiet little town one could obtain a bath, a haircut and shave, souvenirs (horrible little handkerchiefs edged with what purported to be Flemish lace were first favourites) to send to Canada, a better meal in a better equipped cafe and entertainment to gratify all tastes. Even if one were so unfortunate as to fail to hop a passing lorry the few hours in Baillieu amply repaid the long walk. Those who remained in camp either loafed, gambled, played baseball, "Loused" themselves, or slept.

Washing was nothing like as popular as it used to be. Water always was available but many were absolutely too lazy to go for it. Half a dozen or more would wash in the same water. As the thick scum arose on the surface it would be carefully scooped off and thrown into the straw upon which we slept. A man would commence by cleaning his teeth in this vile mixture and then his hands and face. Invariably this performance followed breakfast. This sort of thing continued until the liquid became too thick and a fresh supply absolutely necessary. It was not at all uncommon for a man to save some of his hot tea for shaving purposes. This may sound somewhat awful now but we are none the worse for it. It was a strange contradiction. We should shine up our buttons, rather, some of us would, brush our clothing, make some attempt to clean our boots and succeed in appearing to be tolerably clean soldiers. But inside. So different. A grimy shirt over a dirty, verminous body. Did this worry us? After the first revulsion of feeling at this state of affairs one grew accustomed to it and took it just as a matter of course. Naturally it was more pleasant to be clean inside and out but as this was hardly possible under existing conditions we were strangely unaf-

ected by the situation. I fancy some rather gloried in their "sloppy" appearance.

Think it was a toss between Barter and myself as to who was the sloppiest in the squadron. Pope ran us closely, to say nothing of Levers McKenzie and poor old Buck. Amongst all these I stood out supreme. I beat them all. Their clothes sometimes fitted while mine never did as long as I took part in the game of soldiering. Newky took exception to the removal of the circular wire from my cap. Don't blame him at all. In its virgin stiffness it was not exactly a thing of beauty but when made into shape less thing pulled down over one eye it took from me much of that desired smart, soldierly appearance. It was like nothing on earth. Do not blame him for objecting. We persisted however in this mutilation of our headgear and the fashion became general and popular. In things like this the officers had my sympathy. Clearly had we disobeyed orders. When all follow the lead it is difficult for an officer to know just how to act. In cases such as this they displayed tact by suffering this necessary evil in silence.

What of the War?

What of the war? When would it come within my range of vision? Nothing seemed working out according to expectations. Here was I in France quite close to the line and remained dissatisfied. What was war? Without avail had I pumped those I knew. Beyond saying how ghastly was the sight of the wounded Guardsmen coming out of Givenchy they were tongue-tied. One or two did mention the leg of a dead German, which, projecting from a hastily dug trench made an admirable clothes peg. They knew no more than I. Clearly was it to be seen that the soldier in France would know practically nothing of the general condition of things. Each evening the Continental edition of the Daily Mail was hawked about our encampment. In it we read of wonderful doings and startling casualties. Just the same we were doing quite well, thank you. I was once connected with a paper. In consequence knew something of the habits of these animals. Reports should be taken with a good pinch of salt. The paper was none too optimistic, it is true, still we were winning. If one had not yet lost his faith in the press he was satisfied. Many of us had lost this faith long ago and while it was pleasant to read of wonderful doings there was always present

that feeling of uncertainty. Was there not the possibility that judicious padding had quite altered the shape of the original report? This is a common occurrence. One has simply to witness an accident and then read the report of same. Then the censorship. Although quite ignorant of the matter one had the feeling that published war news was for the edification of the enemy more than ourselves. In this we were probably wrong but this was the general impression among the thinking soldiers. To please the enemy it would be necessary to displease ourselves and vice versa. So, very little reliance was placed upon the press. From whom then could we learn something of this great war? Beyond the range of his few yards of trench a soldier knew absolutely nothing of what was going on. It was always the same. Until the end we were uncertain of the outcome. Before the end it seemed that we had lost and to my way of thinking it was this inborn capability of fighting a losing game that turned defeat into final victory. It is no simple matter to continue when the odds seem terribly against one. This is characteristic of the British race. This seems the reason for bungling through and winning in spite of the many ghastly mistakes

(Continued on page 23)

CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

A Correspondence Course has been started at the Royal School of Cavalry for the benefit of the N.P.A.M. the duration of the course being nine weeks.

A syllabus of reading has been drawn up for each week showing references, which is sent weekly to candidates. At the end of the week, a question paper covering the week's reading is forwarded this paper being answered by the candidates and returned to the R.S. of C. for correction.

The syllabus calls for one hour's study per night for six nights in the week, giving a total of fifty-four hours study during the nine weeks. Different syllabi are drawn up to meet the requirements, according to the rank of the candidate taking the course.

The following are at present taking the course:—

- 6 Field Officers,
- 6 Captains,
- 14 Lieutenants,
- 8 W.O's.

"There is no finer herb under the canopy of Heaven".—Kingsley in "Westward Ho!"

A SOLDIER'S SMOKE.

By PAUL PELHAM and FRANK H. FOX.

Only a packet of Woodbines,
Or an ounce of good old shag,
But a soldier feels that he's got a pal
If they're in his old kit-bag.

When you're living in mud in the trenches,
Waiting for Gawd knows what,
A draw and a spit is the only bit
Of comfort a soldier's got.

When your credit's run out and you're stoney,
And out of your measley pay,
For a belt or a cap what 'as gorn ter the West,
They're a-stopping a tanner a-day:
When the waggons what brings up the rations
Ain't there, and you're hungry and cold,
It's then as a bit of the old thick twst
Is worth all it's weight in gold.

When you're slogging along in the darkness,
And the kit on your back weighs a ton,
And yer feet feels as tho' they was dollops of dough,
Yer don't do a cake walk in fun;

You ain't got no band p'aying Rag-time
Yer ain't got no pipers nor drum;
It may be a forced march you're doing,
And some Blighter's forgotten the rum;
When they orders a "Halt!" by the roadside
For a breather before the advance.
If you ain't got a fag to shove under yer nose
You somehow don't fancy yer chance.

And then, when the little scrap's over,
If you're lucky, you wakes from your dreams,
Down at the base, with a nurse bending down—
Like an Angel from Heaven she seems.

When she holds yer head up like your mother,
And a long cooling lotion yer sips,
Yer feel you don't want to get up any more
When she shoves the old fag in yer lips.

'Bacca! It's food for the hungry;
It's rest for the chap as can't sleep;
It's a pal to the lad wot is lonely and sad;
And it's warmth when the cold makes yer creep.
You'd know what it meant to a soldier
When the A.M.C.'s gathered him in,
And he's laid on his back on the table,
And the doctor is going to begin.
When his face turns the colour of putty,
And the Doctor says "Humour his whim,
"Let him have anything nurse, that he wants;
"That's all we can do for him;
"For he's booked on a long long journey
"Through a bomb or a shrapnel jag."
You'd know what it meant, when he grinds through his
teeth,
"For Gawd's sake, give us a fag!"

When you downs yer tools of a night, makes
And lights up yer work-a-day briar,
Or when you, my Lord, are a-smoking
Your "Corona" beside the Club fire.
Give a thought to the chap in the trenches,
Do what yer can, like a Sport;
You're bound to enjoy your smoke all the more
If you know as the chaps don't go short.

He'll put up with anything—
Hunger and thirst—
He don't care a damn if it snags;
But to go without 'bacca:
Well, just what it means,
It's only a soldier who knows.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

(From Life)

How I sigh for the days that forever
are past
When, a happy and innocent lad,
I looked on the world from my door-
way aglance
At all that was evil and bad
To be quit of the tricks and devices
of men
All the wealth I have won I'd give
up.
How I long to be back in the barn-
yard again,
Tying cans to the schoolteacher's
pup!

The heart of a child bears no malice
nor guile,
His conscience reck's nothing of
wrong;
But he loses the kindness that soft-
ens his smile
As the callousing years speed along.
The days of my childhood were sun-
ny and sweet,
But alas! I shall know them no
more.
How I wish I were back in our elm-
shaded street,
Throwing rocks through the neigh-
bor's front door!

We soon grow accustomed to ways
that are base
As we join in the soul crushing
strife

For power and fortune, distinction
and place
In that gruelling battle called life.
The dreams of our youth are all
hoarded away
In a room that no key can unlock.
How I yearn to return to that wonder-
ful day
When I pushed Reggie Green off
the dock!

I soon must arrive at the end of the
quest
But by dreams I'm no longer be-
guiled
For no more in my troubled and
sorm-beaten breast
Throbs the pure, trusting heart of
a child
Could I only be granted one poor little
boon,
One gentle and childish desire,
I should ask to go back to that great
afternoon
When I set Perk'n's woodshed on
fire!

James J. Montagne.

WELL CONNECTED

'Arry (a successful man to his
better half). And I ses to 'Is Lord-
ship I ses, "If you are a country fam-
ily, I'm as good as wot you are," and
'e ses, "Yus, you're a branch of the
Rodent family ain't yer?" 'e ses' and
I let 'im think so!

—London Opinion

NEW CANADIAN HORSE SOCIETY

The Canadian Saddle, Hunter
and Light Horse Improvement So-
ciety has just been formed, with
Headquarters at the Royal Winter
Fair Offices, 146 King St. W. To-
ronto.

The formation of this society
was announced in the last issue of
the Canada Gazette. The Presid-
ent for 1927 is Colonel Frank Moss
whose activities on the Royal Horse
Show Committee are well known.
The purpose of the society is to
introduce more throughbred sires
into the Dominion and to generally
improve the breeding and care of
all light horses and to co-operate
with the Racing Associations in
such work. It is affiliated with
the English Hunters Improvement
Society.

Any readers who are interested
in light horse breeding should com-
municate with Major R. S. Timmis,
R.C.D., care of this paper who is
a member of the council. Annual
membership is \$3.00. The Domi-
nion and Ontario Agricultural De-
partments and the Department of
National Defence are supporting
the society.

By "Absit Invidia."

Cpl. Hider (who has unfortunately found out who "Absit Invidia" is) wishes me to thank the 3rd troop, for their presentation to him of a gold watch, on the occasion of his transfer to the 4th. Troop. I trust that he will oblige me by keeping my identity a secret.

There have been numerous guesses as to my identity since the last issue, but all seem to be concentrating on one man, who bears the brunt of it all, but as luck will have it he is good natured. So who cares?

I would like to draw to our readers attention the fact that "Absit Invidia" means "Without Offence," so will they please take these remarks as they are intended. I would like to see some replies to my column in The Goat.

One of the men of "B" Squadron came rushing through the stable visibly excited, and shouting "Has anybody seen Stella?"

"Stella who?" Somebody shouted back.

"Costello"! He replied, then vanished while the vanishing was good.

Somebody made a great mistake by telling "Ginger" Walsh that he had a good voice, and since then the 4th. Troop has had no peace, as he sings (?) from reveille to retreat, and his favorite selection is "A Bird's Eye View of My Old Kentucky Home." The 4th. Troop are looking for the man who told him he could sing, and if they find him he will get more than a "Bird's Eye Full", believe us!

The 4th. Troop should have some wonderfully burnished swords as five of their number as taking special evening courses (under the supervision of the Orderly Corporal) in cleaning rusty swords from the Q.M. Stores. We understand that the duration of the course will be three nights.

Last month during one of the N.C.O.'s afternoon fatigues in the riding school, they were told to sweep up the tan-bark outside of the school, and put it back inside. "Winky" remarked that, it would be mixed with snow; which caused the Sgt. Major to remark "Well you know what Stonewall Jackson said". Now that did Stonewall Jackson say? Was Sergeant Major mixed up with "Barnum" who said "There's one born every mi-

nute".!

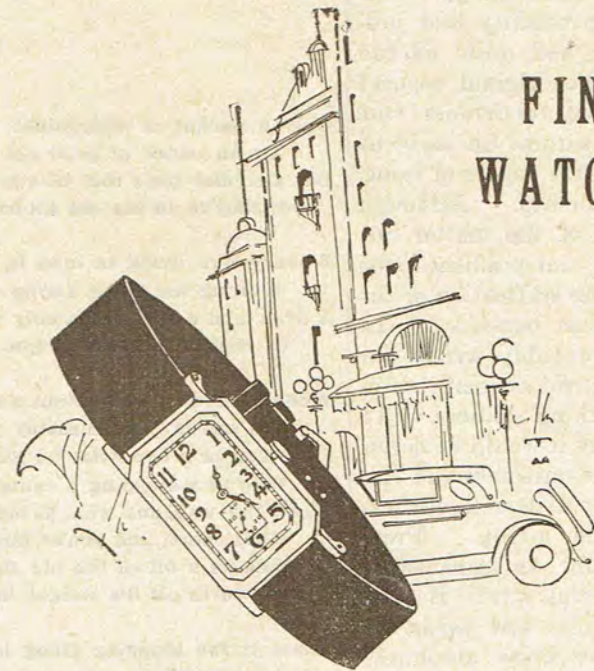
Speaking of Stonewall Jackson reminds me of an incident that occurred in the mess-room. One of the boys said who was Stonewall Jackson anyway? "An American General" replied one. "Bull!" added another, "He was a well known cigar manufacturer".

We are glad to announce that the R.C.D. picquet has returned to their old haunt, viz. the picket room. It was decided some time ago that, owing to the fact that "gravel crushers" did not get their full quota of beauty sleep, that the R.C.D.'s, having much more spare time on their hands, and not needing any beauty sleep (their fatal beauty being well known) take over the guard room from 1800 hrs. until 0600 hrs. This was done, but it does not seem to have helped the pedestrians any in regard to their extra sleep or beauty, and the Cavalry have returned to their own picquet room, and one man per day from the Infantry is to be sent to a beauty specialist to have his face lifted.

How many mothers has Tpr. "C" got? Every time the phone rings for him, (Which is generally not less than six times a day) a different voice says "It's his mother speaking"!

A fortune awaits the N.C.O. or man who can invent some means whereby the horses feet are prevented from carrying tan bark out of the riding school. How about equipping them with rubber boots? Anyway something will have to be done for hoof picks far exceeds the supply. One thing we have been trying to figure out is; if a horse's feet were picked out at the far end of the school, how much tan bark would accumulate during their journey to the exit. Here is a chance for the Sergeant, who in order to show his mathematical talent, asked "B" of the 2nd. Troop, the equivalent of 6/8. Perhaps he could reply in the Goat, giving the weight of tan bark in fractions of ounces.

Is it true that Tpr. "B" of the 2nd. Troop on the recommendation of Tpr. "M" of the same troop, has changed his brand of face cream, lip stick, and rouge, and will this change really enhance his beauty? If not we can suggest an excellent face lotion composed of the following ingredients "Take two onions, peel and slice, two plugs of MacDonalds Chewing, half a bar of Sgt. Major's soap; boil for two hours, strain, and a little 4.4 to obtain "That School Girl Complex-



FINE WATCHES

The Gift for the Man?

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ion". This lotion is highly recommended, and has been tried on horses, dogs and cats; it has been found to remove all hair and calouses, and has left the skin in a very delicate condition.

Who is the N.C.O. who is going to "Take over his father's business in the Old Country", when his term is up? What about it "Titch" How's chances, for a share in it?

In an article in the Journal of the United Service Institution of India, April 1926, Major-General Sir W. D. Bird in his account of the Battle of Kut-al-Amara, 27th and 28th September 1915 states that Townsend's plan was too elaborate, but adds that "The simple plans in which the opportunities for error are reduced to a low limit, are most likely to be crowned with success for as has been pointed out faults of execution such as occurred in this action, are almost certain to spoil so extensively combined a manoeuvre. On the other hand the art of war in tactics consists largely in manoeuvring; and, if manoeuvres were possible, it would be mere bludgeon-work, not art, to adopt a plan so simple that only a front to front action would result."

NOTICE

A concert will be held in the Garrison Gymnasium Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Commencing at 8.00 p.m., Saturday, February, 19th. Friends of personnel of the Barracks are cordially invited to attend.

The members of the local branch of the Canadian Legion are planning to hold a reception for our French veteran comrades, in the club rooms in Richelieu Street on Paardebourg day February 28th. Will all members please mark this date on their diaries. Special plans are also under way for Vimy Day, April 9th.

An American visitor says the English girl is like a Thoroughbred Racehorse. Possibly he took one look at her clothes and then felt like putting his shirt on her.—Punch.

A man who designs garoyles for wedding cakes, left home after wife had given him some tobacco she had knitted him as a Christmas gift, and has not been heard of since. He is 5th 7in. in height, no hair, blue eyes, odd ears, two left feet, and was wearing plus-fours and a bowler hat. Any person who returns him to his wife will be persecuted.

SPRING—SHE IS CAME

Really, I thought it much farther away than it really is, but the serious outbreak of poetry in the last number of the animal forces me to the conclusion that I am a bit mixed as it were in regard to the seasons. Thought it was mid-Winter. One would be led to believe this when one takes into consideration the number of red noses one encounters on the street. Just shows you. One never can believe all one sees, can one? "One" sounds so very much more refined than, "you", don't it Lizzie?

But as I was saying Spring had came. Spring, glorious Spring The open season for poets, love and other funny things. It seems that all could not wait for the official opening of the season but must needs hurry it along a bit with tempting verse and song. The disease is highly infectious. I've got it bad and have composed something really good for you.

To appreciate it fully, you must work yourself into a sloppy condition. Between you and me it is far above the journal in which it will appear but that shall make no difference to its excellence. Here it is. Grip your chairs and hang on.

BLUEBOY'S LAMENT

So you want a tale of a cop, Sir.
I won't take much of yer time
A helluva bloody old cop, Sir
This berry. P.C. Forty-nine.

His nose was a brilliant red. Sir,
His stummick, nice, big and round.
His feet a little bit odd, Sir,
Never got clear of the ground.

It was ten o'clock in the evenin'
The street was sloppy and wet.
P.C. Forty-nine lay a'grievin'
Cos 'is 'istory aint written yet.

A crash—then a light in the darkness.
Somebody's broke in the vorlt.
This brave, beery cop, in his madness—
Say, wouldjer mind passin' the sort?

There you are. Came as easy as anything. No effort at all. Not bad, really, is it? Naturally, I could do much better but would you have understood, gentle reader? No good talking over your heads. No swank about me. Like to give of my best for you are all so touchingly appreciative. My poem possesses all the necessary essentials for a successful seller. So much is contained in so little don't you know. Mullum in parvo and all that sort of thing. Easy. Then

the masterly ending of it. You are left completely mystified. Neat? well, I've said a mouthful. By the way do you get this. Already have I employed three languages. English Latin and American. Yes, Naturally, I am good. As I was saying, I've got you all worked up and left you there.

Material such as this simply doubles the circulation of the paper in which it appears. No intelligent man will let the matter rest as it is. His curiosity is aroused Mystery he loves and he'll hurry himself into an early grave by endeavouring to solve it all. What did the beery cop do in the vault? Whose vault was it anyway? Really, the thing is a masterpiece. The more I read the more am I struck with its excellence. Had no idea I was so gifted. After problem plays come problem poems and I get no small gratification from the realization that I alone am the originator of this new form of brain fodder.

Yes, mes enfants (another language, please note) Spring has come even though the snow lays darkly on the land. Wrong nothing May have been white once but the many feet have turned it black. Ha-Ha The poet season is open and I just had to get this off my

chest. If any of you think you'd like a poem specially for yourself just enclose an accepted cheque for fifty bucks together with the subject for poetification and I guarantee satisfaction.

Now, let us heartily sing Hymn No. 49 in the little grey book.

"I love me, I love me,
I'm wild about myself".

We sat on the river bank. She was a dark-eyed little Canadian girl with an engaging smile, and eager interest in my rod and line. "Now talk," she said.

"Well," I said, by way of being instructive as well as amusing, "you know what Dr. Johnson says about fishing?"

"I don't" she said promptly.

"Dr. Johnson said that when a man goes fishing there's a worm at one end of the line and a fool at the other."

"Well" she said roguishly, "if that's really so, I guess you aren't the worm!"

A Negro soker was crossing the Atlantic for the first time. One day, when he came up on deck to get a breath of air, he looked out over the broad expanse of water with no object in sight, and said in disgruntled tones.—

"Gosh, we is right whar we was dis time yistaday!"

WALZEN PASTRY

-- IT IS THE BEST --

Sold by all Groceries in 98s., 49s., and 24s. bags.

"Recollections."

"In the October number of the Canadian Defence Quarterly Brig. General C. F. Winter, R. of O. in his 'recollections of Service with the Imperial's' relates the following incident regarding the esprit de corps of the British Army:

"Every soldier believed—or at least he ought to have done—that he belonged to the best regiment in the Army,—his company was the best in the best battalion,—his platoon the best in the company and his section, of course the best in the platoon. The obvious conclusion would be that each man should think himself the best man in his section but as this was calculated to become rather too contentious a matter, it was not specially urged in the Fusiliers; but pride and belief in one's own platoon, company, battalion, and regiment was very strongly inculcated upon all occasions.

An incident bearing upon the above and which strongly impressed itself upon the writer, occurred shortly after the 1st Battalion, 7th Royal Fusiliers, with which he was then serving as n.c.o., took up its station at the Tower of London upon transfer from Pembroke Dock, South Wales, in the early autumn of 1881. Accompanied by a brother n.c.o. he had on a Sunday gone for a walk to the "West End" and on returning late in the afternoon crossed Westminster Bridge to secure a "short cut" to the Tower by the south side of the River. It was a warm and sultry day, and as at that period the rule de rigueur for walking out on Sundays was "full dress" for n.c.o.'s and men, we were enduring all the stuffiness and discomfort entailed by tight-fitting scarlet tunics and Fusilier busbies. My friend suggested some refreshment, and, nothing loth, we turned in to the nearest public house on the Surrey side after leaving the bridge. Here we found two gigantic Guardsmen of the "Coldstreams"—a Colour-Sergeant and Sergeant, in all the glory of the Foot Guards' full dress uniform, resplendent with gold lace ad lib., white gloves, bearskins, etc., etc. We as mere "linesmen" were small potatoes indeed and were feeling very much eclipsed, when the door behind us opened and in stepped a little Driver of the Royal Horse Artillery from the battery at St. John's Wood—a perfect picture as he stood in the entrance for a moment undecided as to his welcome and keenly scrutinizing the Guardsmen and ourselves who had preceded him. He was a young fellow, handsome,

about 20, not over 5 feet, but well-made and proportioned, and his clothing fitting like a glove—riding breeches skin-tight, shell jacket with the distinctive bars of yellow braid, as if he been moulded into it, "pill-box" forage cap on "three hairs", riding boots glistening like a mirror, small dark moustache "a la militaire" white gloves, and with whip under one arm he was in appearance military smartness personified.

Glancing around at the new arrival in a contemptuous manner the big Colour-Sergeant of the "Coldstreams" said to his chum, with a strong Cockney accent:—"Hey, Bill! what in 'ell 'ave we got 'ere?" Quick as a flash and before his friend "Bill" could make any reply to this observation, the little Driver at the door had clicked his heels sharply together jumped lightly in the air, brought his spurs together like a bantam cock, and as he came to the floor smote his extended chest three times with his right fist and then shouted at the top of his voice: "I belong to the Right of the Line the Pride of the British Army, and the Terror-r-r-r-r of the World!" shaking his head violently from side to side as he rolled out the last syllable of the word "terror-r-r-r-r".

The effect was magical; the big Guardsmen swung about all attention, their faces aglow with delight and interest. "The finest thing I have ever seen in my life", said the big Colour-Sergeant, as striding forward he took the little Driver in his arms and lifting him bodily as he stood, placed him upon the counter, at the same time calling out in stentorian tones—"The very best in the house for the R.H.A." "By Gad, he has given us a good lesson—a very practical illustration of the teaching of esprit de corps in the 'Royal Horse' continued the Coldstreamer. "He was not abashed nor afraid to speak up before men who could eat him, boots and all, and I like that; it is the spirit we must always encourage in the British Army. And then his quick appreciation of the situation and prompt action were delightful. I shall tell my Guardsmen that they have something to learn from the Royal Horse Artillery, and you Fusiliers also, take example from the pride and confidence of this little Driver,—nothing like believing in your own,—it will often carry you, far my boys!" Thus the big Colour-Sergeant rambled on with words of military wisdom, often to be recounted to listening comrades of the "Royals" afterwards as a worthy instance of pride and confidence in one's own.

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TWO DELIVERY TEAMS

Naturally we were impressed and returned to our unit with a feeling that our afternoon had not been ill-spent, notwithstanding that on our way back to the Tower we felt something of a shock when in passing through some of the humbler streets of Bermondsey we were assailed by a covey of very ragged small boys who shouted to their comrades: "Hi, Chawley, hurry hup and see a pair of bloomin' lobsters with their 'airy 'ats,—lobsters! lobsters! 'airy lobsters!"

However, the example of the little Driver alluded to above has al-

ways remained as one of the most pleasing recollections of my early military service in the Old Country. Long may the gallant deeds and bearing of the "R.H.A." give us all good reason to be proud of their old time regimental watchword:—"The Right of the Line the pride of the British Army, and the Terror-r-r-r-r of the World!"

"Fighting is all right, provided you do it intelligently."

"Yes, but you can't always find a man smaller than yourself."

"A Day in Montreal for Shopping"

or

"Tell it to the Judge"

Act 1 Scene 1

Exterior of a well known Department Store on St. Catherine St. Time about 11 a.m. Motor containing two Rural Visitors of the Feminine Species, moves restlessly up and down the Street, obviously looking for parking space.

1st. R. I. "oh, there's a nice place to leave the car, between those two Rolls Royce, Somebody must have just moved away."

2nd. R. I. "I guess I'll have to turn at the corner, they don't seem to have any system here like we do in Sherbrooke."

(Car turns at corner, nearly running over Traffic Policeman, who jumps hastily back.)

1st. R. I. "Why, Dorothy dear, how lovely, here's a nice hydrant right beside our car. Now we will be sure to know where we left it."

2nd. R. I. "I think I had better lock the car. I hear there are a lot of junk dealers in Montreal." (Stalls Engine, shuts off switch, locks gears and both ladies emerge from car.)

Scene 2

Three hours has elapsed. Scene the same, except that a Minion

of the Law, is standing beside the Car. Both R.I. emerge from store carrying a large assortment of packages.

1st. R.I. "Why, how nice, there's a policeman, watching our car for us. I thought he looked interested when we passed him at the corner."

2nd. R.I. "I take back what I said about system. They certainly give you good service here."

Policeman. "Do you Dames own this Gasoline Bus?"

1st. R.I. "Well, my husband does, but I use it whenever I want to, as he prefers taking taxis for long trips."

2nd. R.I. "It certainly was sweet of you to watch it for us. Can we give you a lift anywhere?"

Policeman. "You sure can, Kid. Right down to the old station for yours; this car's been parked here for three hours."

Both R.I.'s "Why how outrageous; where could we leave the car? Did you expect us to take it inside."

Policeman. "We have Garages in Montreal and if you ain't got the dough, park anywhere but on St. Catherine Street. This Bus ain't no decoration."

1st. R.I. "Don't be silly. Do you think we could carry our parcels all the way to a garage? Anyway there were other cars here too."

2nd. R.I. "My husband is in the Army."

I think you had better be careful. He may report you."

Policeman. "In the Army, you say. Well, that's fine. I was in the Army myself and I always wanted a chance to get back at it."

1st. R.I. "My husband is a Broker He has a lot of influential friends in Montreal. I think you'll be very sorry you acted like this."

Policeman. "Say, your hubbie, will be broker than h-l when the judge gets through fixing you Dames. C'mon, no more talk. Drive down to the station."

2nd. R.I. "I suppose if we are foolish enough to offer you money you wouldn't act this way. I know what policeman are. We have one at home. Well, you can't get any bribe out of us."

1st. R.I. "I know when we explain it to the Judge, he'll scold you for talking up our time. We are going to the theatre this afternoon."

Policeman. "Well, hop to it and I bet you'll enjoy the act the judge puts on. Are you dames going to drive or must I get the Wagon?"

R.I.'s "We'll drive but you'll be awfully sorry for this. Hold our parcels till we get into the car." (Both deposit bundles in policeman's arms and get into the front of the car.)

1st. R.I. "Put the things in the back seat and be careful not to break anything. You Policemen are so clumsy."

Policeman. Well. I'll be....."

Get's into back of car and deposits bundles.

2nd. R.I. "I think I gave you the key, Pola."

1st. R.I. "No dear, I think you have it."

2nd. R.I. "I'm sure I haven't but I'll look." (Brings out a dozen keys from purse and tries them all. Finally finds right one and unlocks gear.) Starts self-starter and turns switch but nothing happens.

1st. R.I. "I think you have the lights on, dear. Turn the switch back."

2nd. R.I. "I knew I had the lights on. I was going to turn the switch on in a moment."

1st. R.I. "What did you have lights on for?"

2nd. R.I. "That's my affair." Policeman. "You'll need lights in a minute if you don't get started." Car finally starts and with a jerk which deposits policeman on the floor.

(To be Continued)

The management of all the local hotels wish us to announce that under no circumstances will they accept canteen tickets in lieu of cash. Trps. B....and S....please note.

Mrs. De Neurich: "I wish to say, doctor that the prescribing of a mustard plaster for a woman of my social position is nothing short of impudence!"

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PRESENTATION TO EX-SGT. MATHEWS

At a monthly meeting of the Sergeants Mess, Stanley Barracks R.S.M., G.D. Churchward, M.M. on behalf of the members, presented ex-Sgt. J. H. (Matty) Mathews with a watch as a token of comradeship on leaving the service.

R.S.M. Churchward in his brief address stated that the Mess were greatly honoured in being able to present Sgt. Mathews with a token which would always be a reminder to him of his former comrades.

Sergt. Mathews joined the Mess in 1906 and in 1907 reverted to Corporal at his own request, 1909 rejoining and remaining until November 1926.

Sergt. Mathews was a staunch supporter of the Regiment in every respect; during his service he was an all-round athlete and one of the best in Stanley Barracks, even up to the last he showed his ability against younger members of the Regiment at Niagara last year, during the Regimental Sports, when he was again among the prize winners.

He was with the Regiment overseas from the very first and should the call ever go out again he would be one of the first to answer.

Every success in civil life was tendered to him by all members present.

Q.M.S.T. J. (Tich) Travers was on the spot and struck the note "For he's a jolly fellow", followed immediately afterwards by Q.M.S.I. Harry Karcher with three hearty and rousing cheers and many "pups".

On presenting the watch to Sergt. Mathews, R.S.M. Churchward stressed the point that in future "Matty" should never have any excuse for being late.

Sergt. Mathews in his reply pointed out that he could not make a speech but warmly thanked all for the present, and also pointed out the good fellowship that existed in the mess between serving and retired members, which he said became more noticeable to him since he had joined the ranks of civilians.

Gray's "Eulogy Written in a Country Churchyard," has nothing on Gilson's "Ode" written in a "Winton Six." The paths of Vermont lead but to the courthouse. —Hoof Prints, July 10th, 1926)

Nor has it anything on Mr. H. G. Wells' "Venus and Adonis," or "The Evolution of Man," by Mr. W. Shakespeare.

STATION SERGEANTS MESS STANLEY BARRACKS

Annual New Year's Day at Home

"As was their custom" the Station Sergts' Mess Stanley Barracks were "At Home" on New Year's Day.

Goodfellowship was the order of the day and all visitors were royally welcomed, the success of the day no doubt was made complete by the goodly numbers of the mess who attended and lent their co-operation. All units in the Barracks had a good representation of their W.O's and Sergts. present, which fact was greatly appreciated by the Mess Committee, who would like here, to thank those members who assisted with music and song.

We received, and were honoured by the presence of the O.C. Brig. Gen. Bell C.M.G., D.S.O. who responded to the toast, giving great praise to the P.F. Units of the District, especially the I.C. He said he had inspected all the N.P.A.M. units in the District and their efficiency which was noted by him reflected in no small way upon the able instruction derived from the I.C.

Other officers of the District Staff who called upon us were as follows:—Col. F. S. L. Ford, C.M.G., Lt. Col. Rhodes D.S.O. M.C. Lt. Col. Robinson O.B.E.; Lt. Col. Russell D.S.O.; Col. McCrimmon, Capt. Beard, etc.

Lt. Col. Walker Bell, D.S.O., R.C.D. and the Station Officers also honoured us, and Col. Bell's health was toasted and ably responded to.

Representatives from all the Toronto N.P.A.M. units called, and we were also graced by the presence of Senator the Hon. Maj. Gen. A. H. Macdonell C.M.G., D.S.O.

Amongst the Old Comrades present were:—Major Widgery, H. C. Baldwin, W.G. Dore, C. L. Brooker, M. Lew Till, (discharged 22 years ago as L/Cpl. and now resides in New York City) Jack Mathews, Pete Merrick, Mr. M. T. Bull, K.E.H. Charlie Foot, Mr. Hamilton, "Jock" Davidson, and Capt. Britton late The R.C.R.

At 1 o'clock the party closed with New Years Greeting and Auld Lang Syne.

The club bore was on the war-path again. "Yes," he drawled, "many are the wonderful holidays I have spent abroad. When I was in America I hunted bear."

"Good heavens," cried a youthful member, "but didn't you get awfully cold?"

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THE HUMOUR OF THE SOLDIER

(From the Army Quarterly)

No. 72065 Pte. Alfred Jones, questioned in the Orderly-room as to whether Pte. Williams Smith had struck Privé Gilbert Robinson upon the nose, with a hazy recollection of the method of the M.P. answering troublesome questions gave his bit of evidence: "The answer is the in the infirmary."

No one unfortunately, has preserved for us the comments of the Warrior who did a lengthy march in a pair of new socks sent by an anonymous benefactor. When he had at last got them off and examined the blister which had developed, he discovered that his agony had been caused by a small hard knob at the extremity of one of the toes. It proved to be a wad of paper on which loving fingers had printed:

"God bless the wearer of these socks!"

Tommy Atkins carried his humour with him into the hospitals. In one of them the ward humorist used to go through the following performance, which, though it never varied, never failed to bring down the house. Seated upon his bed, with a penny stuck in his eye by way of an eye-glass, he would personate a pompous visitor to the hospital. "And, where did the pore bullet 'it you, me man?" he would inquire: and then came the reply in the husky whisper of of a sufferer. "Well, sir, yer see, it was like this. The bullet 'it me in the 'ead, but the bandage slipped, and now it's round me ankle."

The story is told about the seven Tommies who, after a raid returned with only six prisoners. The absence of the seventh prisoner was accounted for thus: "On the way back, sir, we got talkin'; and 'e told me 'ow 'e'd got an old mother, and I said as 'ow I'd got an old mother, too. Then 'e told me about 'is little boy of five; and I said as 'ow I'd got a little boy of

five. Then 'e started tellin' me about 'is little farm and—well sir 'e made me feel so miserable that I shot 'im!"

"B" SQUADRON WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why "Ginger" Jennings fed his horse saw-dust instead of bran

How Major Stetham managed to extinguish the recent fire in the Orderly Room without his fireman's helmet

What Major Baty means by "flogging kit."

What Sgt. Buell means by "legible assemble."

Why a certain "Picket Commander" tried to screw the nozzle-end of a hose into the hydrant.

If Tpr. Calvert is a shareholder in the Bell Telephone, Co.

WHY THE EDITOR LEFT

Someone sent the editor of the "Burswell Enterprise" a few bottles of home-brew. The same day he received for publication, a wedding announcement, also a notice of an auction sale.

The following is the result:—

William Smith and Miss F. Malcolm were disposed of by public auction at my farm one mile east of town. She wore a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast and two white calves, before a back ground of farm implements too numerous to mention, in the presence of about seventy guests, including two milch cows, six mules and one bob sleigh. Reverend Jackson tied the nuptial knot with 200 feet of hay wire and the bridal couple left on one good John Deere gang-plow for an extended trip, with terms to suit the purchasers. They will be at home to their friends with one good baby-buggy after ten months from date of sale to responsible parties and some fifty chickens."

(From the Toronto Daily Star Tuesday 8th. Feb. 1927.)

HEROISM OF SOLDIERS SAVED DUMB COMRADES FROM BURNING STABLES.

Fire at Stanley Barracks Caused Death of 14 Horses, Including "Moonshine"

"BILLY" AMONG DEAD

Rescued Horses Scatter Over the Southern Area of the City

Fire, which suddenly swept through one of the frame stables occupied by the Royal Canadian Dragoons at Stanley Barracks shortly before 11 o'clock last night, resulted in the loss of fourteen first-class troop horses and injuries to two or three others which may bring about their destruction by the regiment veterinary some time during the day.

One of the sentimental features which deeply affected both the officers and men was the loss of the mascot of the Dragoons, a Shetland pony named "Billy," who was born overseas while his mother was quartered with the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles. "Billy" was caught inside the long stable when it caught fire and suffocated, although herculean efforts were made by several of the troopers to rescue their pet mascot.

Thirty-eight frantic horses were unloosed by troopers from their stalls and as they reached the Old Fort yard they galloped off into the night and scattered throughout the city. They ran over a large area of the west end of the city and, barring injuries which one of them received when it ran into a street car in the vicinity of King and Dufferin streets, all of them but four had been returning to the barracks by 3 o'clock this morning.

Origin a Mystery

The blaze, which was of unknown origin, broke out in the centre section of the Long stable, a long narrow single-storey frame building built in 1916 and extending 250 feet north and south in the northeast section of the Stanley Barracks area. When the firemen arrived the flames were running rapidly around the frame building and the thick smoke was rolling out of the doorways in huge clouds.

Horses were being rushed through the smoke with blankets over their heads and these badly frightened



(The above cut was kindly loaned to us by the Toronto Star)

galloped off to the nearest point of freedom away from the torturing smoke. Soldiers, many of them just in their trousers and underwear, performed deeds of heroism last night on behalf of their dumb comrades.

The fire was first discovered by the picket on duty at 10.45. Immediately the bugler sounded the alarm and the city fire department was notified. The fire alarm was answered by fire sections from lower Ossington, Portland street, Cowan avenue and Brockton fire hall under Fire Chief William Russell and District Chief Bell. The fire was under control within 20 minutes after their arrival, but not before eight horses had been burned to death or suffocated and six others so badly burned that they had to be destroyed by the veterinary's merciful silencer.

78 Horses in Jeopardy

Several fine actions were seen on the night of fire and among others are those of Trooper Hayes. According to comrades, Hayes did work which was worthy of the best traditions of the Royal Humane Society. Not once but several times Hayes, burned about the face and hands, and facing the thickest of smoke, ran into the burning building and reeled out, holding horses by the halter and guiding them to fresh air and safety.

Troopers McGovern and Kincaide performed valiant service and they, too, were seen bringing out

horses until they literally dropped from suffocation and had to be taken to the station hospital. Later this morning these men were taken to the Christie hospital. Sixty-four horses were led out to safety and several of the suffocated horses were also dragged out. Of these some thirty were caught and stabled again while another thirty-four galloped away out of the Old Fort yard and scattered throughout the city.

Terrified Horses at Large

These badly scared and riderless horses ran along Fleet street and the Lake Shore road to beyond the Humber river. Some of them ran up into High Park. Others ran as far as Davenport road and Ossington avenue and to Bloor and Ossington; one went as far as the Don river and one collided on King street with a T.T.C. street car and had his skull seriously injured. Major Stethem told The Star that the horse was badly injured. The horse, badly scared, is reported to have plunged into the side of the car. At 2.45 this morning all of the horses with the exception of four lonely wanderers had been returned to the stables at the barracks.

Troopers Labored Valiantly

Trooper Hayes made six trips into the stable. In the first trip he made his way at once through the smoke to the stall of his own charge and got him out practically

unharmd except from smoke. Hayes collapsed and was sent to Christie street hospital for X-ray examination and further treatment for severe burns on his arms.

With Hayes worked Troopers Dutton and Campbell, going back into the smoke-filled stable among the rearing and plunging horses until the intense heat of the flames effectively stopped them.

Troopers J McGovern and Andrew Kincaide worked in heroic fashion until overcome by the smoke. McGovern fought his way through to the stall of little "Billy," the mascot, but before he could get the terrified pony out, he was himself prostrated and had to be carried out by his comrades.

Musical Ride Horses

All of the horses destroyed were fully trained mounts and all of them had at one time or another endeared themselves to the public by their performance in the famous musical rides of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

The training takes place, under the squadron and troop officers. Major Timmis, who has had the longest experience in directing the training for the ride and who brought the last group of performers up to the efficiency so admired by the public, is at present commanding the station at St John's, Quebec.

A young lady requested the telephone company to come and repair her telephone which was out of order.

A foreman and three men eventually arrived. A few days after the company's manager received a letter from the young lady stating that she was not complaining of the damage to her garden wall, or of the damage done to her tennis court but she really must complain of the obscene language used by the men while they were on the premises.

The manager naturally requested the foreman to make a written report of the affair, stating all the particulars.

This report was to the effect that on a certain date he took his men and repaired the telephone and various wires on the pole near by. During the repairs one of his men at the top of the pole accidentally tipped a ladle containing molten solder some of which fell down the back of the neck of a man standing at the foot of the pole, who immediately called up to his pal, saying, "Really, Harry old man, please be more careful."

Mother—Bobby, when you were eating peanuts in the street car. I hope you didn't throw the shells on the floor.

(Bobby No, mother, I put them in the overcoat pocket of the man who sat beside me.)



HOCKEY

Tuesday January 11th 1927

Stanley Barracks 5
Erskine United 2

Playing their second league game in the Indoor Section of the Intermediate Group of the Toronto Hockey League, the Stanley Barracks team defeated the Erskine United team by the score of 5-2.

The game started off at a fast clip, each team working cautiously and the puck travelled up and down the ice, each rush being checked by the respective defences. About midway through the period, Godin receiving the puck behind our goal rushed it down the ice. He was accompanied by Capt. Home and Galloway, and the Erskine defence players edged off to intercept the pass, but contrary to expectation Godin sent in a swift shot which completely fooled the Erskine goaler, and tallied our first goal of the game.

For the balance of the period Erskine pressed hard, but Hare put up a brilliant game in goal and the bell sounded without further scoring.

The second period was very much in our favour, Godin repeated his performance of the first period, and scored after an end rush, Captain Home receiving a pass at left wing drove in a pretty shot from a difficult angle, and Galloway, who was playing a very useful game and holding his position well, received and made good a pass from his wing. Meanwhile Erskine managed to score one, and the second period ended Stanley Barracks 4, Erskine 1.

Although we had a commanding lead the team took the ice for the final period, with no idea of playing a defensive game and very soon Capt. Home added another to our score. Towards the end of the game Erskine developed a desperate attack, but only succeeded in adding one to their score.

The game was fast from start to finish, and although several minor penalties were handed out to both teams, was remarkably clean. Captain Drury who was managing the team from the box, seeing that the game was well in hand,

used very few reliefs during the last period, and thus gave the regulars a good conditioning practice.

The weather for the past ten days has been ideal for practice on our open air rink, clear, cold, and no snow, the team therefore was able to hold a practice daily and the results were most noticeable, both as regards to condition and team work.

Captain Home, who was at the top of his form, played what might be described as a "brilliant" game and Adams and Galloway on the wings were all that could be desired. The defence worked perfectly together, and Englefield and Carr proved to be very useful substitutes. Carr who made his first appearance in Intermediate hockey should develop into a most useful player by the end of the season.

The teams lined up as follows.

Stanley Barracks 5.

Tpr. Hare, R.C.D. Goal; Cpl. Barker, R.C.R. Defence; Sgt. Godin, R.C.R. Defence; Capt. Home R.C.R. Centre; Cpl. Adams, R.C.R. Right Wing; Cpl. Galloway, R.C.D. Left Wing; Tpr. Englefield, R.C.D. Spare; Pte. Carr R.C.R. Spare.

Erskine United 2.

Stark, Goal; Wallace, Defence; Northam, Defence; Tudhope, Centre; Leney, Right Wing; Gee Left Wing; White, Spare; Johnston, Spare.

Score by Periods

1st Period

1. Stanley Barracks Sgt. Godin.

2nd. Period

2 Stanley Barracks Sgt. Godin

3 Erskine United, Johnson,

4 Stanley Barracks, Capt Home

5 Stanley Barracks, Cpl. Galloway.

3rd. Period

6 Stanley Barracks, Capt. Home

7. Erskine United, Wallace.

Thursday January 13th. 1927
Wychwood 1—Stanley Barracks 0

We were all aware that in entering our team in the Indoor Series of the Intermediate Toronto Hockey League, that the Stanley

Barracks Team were making a bold decision, and placing ourselves on the hockey map of Toronto in fairly fast company. We were greatly encouraged by the results of our last two matches, which proved that we have not overestimated our value, and that even if we do not win the series, we will always be a source of worry to our opponents. That the city hockey fans also hold this same opinion is obvious by the following extract of today's date in The Mail and Empire.

"Another great night's sport is billed for tonight. In the Ravina natural ice rink the popular intermediate group will again hold sway. These clubs have all proven in their games to date that they are about the fastest intermediate group that has ever played together in the history of the T.H.L. In the first game the soldier boys from Stanley Barracks fresh from their win over Erskine United will take on Wychwood the leaders of the group, so look out for fireworks."

The firework display against the league leaders was staged in the form of a fast clean and exciting game with both teams working at top speed from start to finish. Wychwood scored a well earned goal in the first period, and try as we might our team was unable to overcome the one goal lead. Tpr. Hare in goal played a sensational game and prevented Wychwood from increasing their score whilst the Wychwood goaler who also played a brilliant game and was aided by "horseshoes" succeeded in turning aside many threatening attacks delivered by our forwards.

The teams lined up as follows

Wychwood 1.

Holmesshaw, Goal; Garrow, Defence; McEldon, Defence; Tavey, Centre; McKinnon, Right Wing; Wingate, Left Wing; Summers, Spare.

Stanley Barracks 0

Tpr. Hare, Goal; Cpl. Barker, Defence; Sgt. Godin, Defence; Cpt. Home Centre; Cpl. Adams, Right Wing; Cpl. Galloway, Left Wing; Tpr. Englefield, Spare; Pte. Carr, Spare.

Score by Periods

1st. Period

1. Wychwood McKinnon

2nd. Period

No score

3rd. Period

No score.

Stanley Barracks 3 Renfrew 1

Tuesday January 18th. 1927

Our second league fixture with Renfrew resulted in a 3-1 victory after playing ten minutes of

overtime. The game was fast and clean from start to finish. Renfrew scored the first goal of the game about midway through the first period, and in less than a minute Capt. Home tied the score for the Barracks. For the remainder of the game the puck was chased up and down the ice, and although we had slightly the better of the play the game ended a 1-1 draw. After a slight rest the teams lined up to play a ten minute overtime period of five minutes each way, and by snappy work on the part of Cpl. Galloway we succeeded in adding two goals to our score.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Stanley Barracks—Goal Tpr. Hare, defence Sgt. Godin and Cpl. Barker, Forwards Cpl. Adams Capt. Home MC. and Cpl. Galloway, Subs. Pte. Carr and Tpr. Ingfield.

Renfrew—Goal Broadlot, defence Rensell and Baker, forwards Balmer Hardman and Gillespie, Subs. High and Wartley.

Summary—1st. Period

1 Renfrew—Hardman

2 Stanley Barracks—Capt. Home

2nd. Period No score.

3rd. Period No score.

Overtime

3 Stanley Barracks—Cpl. Galloway.

4 Stanley Barracks—Cpl. Galloway.

Stanley Barracks 2 —Erskine United 2.

When we faced Erskine for our second game with them we did not expect an easy victory, for although they had not won a game they had been steadily improving since the opening of the league, and in their last match against Wychwood, the league leaders, they had only lost by one goal after playing an overtime period.

This game proved to be the fastest and, from a spectators point of view, the most exciting game of the league to date.

In the first period of the game Cpl. Adams crashed his name upon the "honour roll" of scorers by battling a goal from a scrimmage in front of the net, and early in the second period Captain Home added another to our score by netting a long shot from the left which completely fooled the Erskine goaler. Most of the spectators regarded the game as being "on ice" for the troops, our team still continued using offensive tactics, and delivered shot after shot at the Erskine

net, but their goaler managed to turn them all aside. Shortly before the close of the period, Tudhope managed to work his way clean through our defence and register a point against us.

In the third period we had much the better of the play and the puck was at Erskine's end of the ice fully three quarters of the time but during an unfortunate break of luck with only a minute and a half to go the puck managed to find its way into our goal after hitting Capt. Home's skate during a mix-up in front of the net, and the game ended a two all draw.

It was rather a bitter disappointment for we had much the best of the play throughout the game, however we started into the overtime period and still continued to outplay our opponents in every department except scoring, and after twenty minutes of extra play, the game ended a two all draw.

The game was clean, only a few minor penalties being imposed, and these in the latter periods of the game, probably due mostly to excitement. At one time with two of our men off the ice "Ducky" Home, whose condition has greatly improved, playing alone on the forward line managed to keep the puck beyond centre ice for over half a minute.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Stanley Barracks—Goal, Tpr. Hare, defence Sgt. Godin and Cpl. Barker, forwards Cpl. Adams Cpl. Galloway and Captain Home M.C. subs. Tpr. Calvert and Pte Carr.

Erskine United—Goal Stark, defence Johnston and Gee, forwards C. Smith Tudhope and Northam, subs. Cherry and Whyte.

Summary—1st. Period

1 Stanley Barracks Cpl. Adams

2nd Period

2 Stanley Barracks, Capt. Home
3 Erskine United, Tudhope

3rd Period

4 Erskine United, Whyte.
Overtime No score

Wychwood 4.—Stanley Barracks 1.

Tuesday February 1st. 1927

After holding our own for two periods during which time each team scored once, we went "up in the air" for five minutes and Wychwood taking full advantage of the situation quickly added three more goals to their score.

The teams lined up as follows:—
Wychwood—Goal Homeshaw, de-

fence Gerrow and McEldon, forwards Coutts Wingate and McKinnon, subs. Chadwick and Tovey.

Stanley Barracks—Goal Tpr. Hare, defence Sgt. Godin and Cpl. Barker, forwards Cpl. Adams Capt. Home and Cpl. Galloway, subs. Tpr. Calvert and Pte. Carr.

Summary—1st. Period

1 Wychwood—McKinnon

2nd Period

2 Stanley Barracks—Capt. Home

3rd Period

3 Wychwood—Wingate
4 Wychwood—Wingate
5 Wychwood—McEldon.

The scheduled games of our group of the Toronto Hockey League are now completed with the clubs standing as follow:—

	Won	Draw	Lost
Wychwood	6	0	0
Stanley Barracks	2	1	3
Renfrew	2	0	4
Erskine United	1	1	4

The system followed in the T.-H.L. is that the first and second teams of each group play a series of two games for the group championship, then the winner play off the other group leaders for the championship. But previously however all tie games which may effect the standing have to be replayed. We will therefore have to play off our tie with Erskine, and looking at the above standing it may be seen that should we win against Erskine we will be in second place and play off with Wychwood, but should Erskine defeat us then Erskine Renfrew and ourselves would all be tied for second, or last place, and would all have to play a series of games to decide who is to meet the group leaders. A most interesting and hard game is therefore expected.

"B" Squadron Troop Hockey League.

The standing of the Troop League at the time of going to press is as follows:—

	Played	Won	Lost
3rd. Troop	3	2	1
2nd. Troop	2	1	1
4th. Troop	2	1	1
1st. Troop	3	1	2

Each Troop is required to play a game with each other Troop, and then the two leading troops play off a series of two games, the highest number of goals to count for the championship. From the above standing it may be seen that the 2nd and 4th. Troops still have a game to play, and that the winners of that game will be tied and

play off with the 3rd. Troop.

The games have been keenly contested, and owing to the "speed and skating ability" of the majority of the players, have furnished considerable excitement and amusement.

All players who are on the senior hockey squad of the Station are debarred from playing in the Troop League, and in justice to the 1st. Troop it must be mentioned, that, although they are in the wrong end of the league standing, they have supplied four players on the Stanley Barracks Team.

CAVALRY BARRACKS

ST JOHNS

SHEIKS vs INDIANS

The new "Garrison Hockey League" got away to a good start when the Indians vs Sheiks game was played on the Garrison rink, Wednesday Jan. 12th at 2:30 p.m.

The game was refereed by Cpl. McKerrall who did his job well dishing out only one penalty, that to Ross for boarding Bold at the

end of the second period. Both teams were well matched and it was a fine game though the Indians had a 5 to 1 advantage until the half of the third period when Boucher scored three times in six minutes and Bold tying the score with just 25 seconds to play.

The Overtime period was a very busy one for Sheehy (in goal for the Sheiks). He was given 13 good shots to handle which he did very well, only one passing him.

The players of both teams played well and hard all through the game and it is hard to say which team will come on top the next time they meet.

The game ended with a score of 7 to 6 in favour of the Sheiks.

Sheiks:—Sgt. Sheehy, goal; Clp. Boucher, right defence; Bold, left defence; Fallis, centre; Berkins, right wing; Martin, left wing; Russell, sub.

Indians:—Woolcock, goal; Dresser, right defence; Fissault, left defence; Ross, centre; Green, right wing; Bilton, left wing; Watson, sub.; English, sub.;

Cougars 2—Pirates 0

Saturday, Jan. 15th, the Pirates

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crossed sticks with the Cougars and there was much speculation as to who would come out the victor. Both teams were about equal strength, especially on the defence.

During the first period there was plenty of good play both goalies being called on to stop some hard ones. The Pirates were greatly weakened when Gilmore had his right shoulder hurt which forced him to retire after the first period and then Berkins, D. who was doing good work on the left wing was forced to retire after the second period. Both goals were scored in the second period when the Pirates were short of these two players.

Parker scored first on a long rush after nine minutes of play and Lafond scored the second three minutes later.

The third period was all the Cougars, the Pirates playing hard until the end.

Cpl. Boucher refereed and was very fair to both sides, explaining off-sides and fouls as they occurred which proved to be beneficial to the game as it progressed.

Cougars—Blais, goal; Francoeur, right defence; Cameron left defence; Parker, centre; Washington, right wing; Lafond, left wing; Ploudre, Bond and Lewis, subs.

Pirates—Constatine, goal; Gilmore, right defence; Heffernan left defence; Lacerte centre; White right wing; Berkins, D. left wing; Gravel and Mundell, subs.

Sheiks 3—Cougars 0

On Monday, January 24th, the Cougars and the Sheiks met for the first time this season. The game was scheduled for the 19th but was postponed on account of rain. Both teams were confident and wanted to win as the winner of this game would take the head of the league, both being tied for first place.

Both teams started their attacks with great vigor and it was easy to see that we were going to witness a hard-fought game. The Sheiks had a good defence-line in Boucher and Bold, while Martin and Boucher were strong on the at-

tack, making numerous lone rushes. The Cougar's defence (Francoeur, Cameron and Lewis) were not easily passed, the goals being scored from outside the defence one in each period.

Martin scored in the first period on a long shot and immediately after the Sheiks were furiously attacked but Boucher on the defence stopped them every time.

The second period was about even, though Fallis scored after seven minutes of play which made the Cougars real mad and their attacks still stronger, but only to find themselves pushed into the corners. Sheehy did not have much to do this period, the Cougars not getting a really good shot.

The third period was full of action and brilliant play. Fallis was very useful in breaking up rushes and passes with his poke check. After thirteen minutes of play Boucher shot from well outside the defence and Blais had to kneel down to "stop it", as the puck was sliding on the ice, but it passed between his pads making the final score 3-0.

Cpl. McKerrall the referee had the game well in hand from start to finish.

Cougars—Blais, goal; Francoeur, right defence; Lewis, left defence; Parker, centre; Washington, right wing; Lafond, left wing; Cameron, Ploudre and Chapman, subs.

Sheiks—Sheehy, goal; Boucher, right defence; Bold, left defence; Fallis, centre; Berkins, F. Right wing; Martin, left wing; Lient. Chadwick, sub.

Pirates 3—Sheiks 2.

Monday evening, January 31st. The Pirates and the Sheiks met on the Garrison Rink to play their scheduled game postponed from the 29th on account of rain.

The rink was in bad shape, there being much shell ice owing to rain the day before, but a good fast clean game was played. Sheehy for the Sheiks played well, stopping some good shots. Boucher and Martin played good defence as also did Heffernan and Gravel for the Pirates and the first period ended with no score.

The second "chukker" was a very lively one, both teams trying hard; Boucher and Martin making numerous rushes, but they could not get into a position to score. Heffernan who made many spectacular rushes, only to loose the puck in the end, was the dark horse for the Pirates. After ten minutes of play in the second period he got the opportunity he was looking for; took the puck down the ice when he had only Sheehy to beat,

and scored. From then on the Sheiks pressed hard but the Pirates have a good "menager." They were told to play a defensive game, three and four men remaining on defence. Boucher, however, came down the ice, but Martin who had the puck, was pushed behind the goal line. He then passed to Boucher who scored.

The end of the third period found the score still tied.

In the overtime period Heffernan scored after nine minutes of play and one minute later Berkins D. scored on a pass from Lacerte. Then with about ten seconds to go Berkins D. (for Pirates) scored a goal for the Sheiks when attempting to stop a shot, making the final score 3-2.

Cougars 3—Indians 2

This game played Jan. 26 was a good peppy one and plenty of nice plays on both sides. The Cougars were out to win so as to keep pace with the League Leaders (Sheiks) and win they did although it necessitated an overtime period.

Ross for the Indians, scored the first goal after 40 seconds of play on his own rebound.

The second period was all to the Cougars, the Indians playing the man more than the puck, which is not hockey. After nine minutes Lafond for the Cougars, scored in a mix-up in front of English, who did not see the puck go in. Three minutes later Parker scored another one, making the score 2-1 in favor of the Cougars. The Indians then tried playing hockey and while they did better they could not get past Blais.

In the third period Ross evened the score when about 40 seconds to go; both teams were playing hard and rough.

In the overtime period Lafond scored the winning point for the Cougars after six minutes of play. The overtime was full of rough play, the Indians mainly being responsible.

The standing of the Garrison Hockey League at the end of the first half is as follows:—

	P	W	L	D	P
Sheiks	3	2	1	0	4
Cougars	3	2	1	0	4
Pirates	2	1	1	0	2
Indians	2	0	2	0	0

From the above it will be seen that the Pirates and Indians still have a game to play.

"Who was Shylock, Aunt Ethel"

"My dear! And you go to Sunday-school and don't know that!"

ST. JOHNS HOCKEY LEAGUE

We cannot help but make a comment here on the splendid spirit that has been shown by the players of the garrison team in the St. Johns Hockey League. These comments come to us from various sources outside of the Garrison itself, and we want the players to know that we are proud of the reputation they have earned, despite continued reverses. Keep it up boys.

ARMY CUP

Draw for the first round.

No fewer than 124 teams have been entered this season for the Army Cup Competition, the draw for the first round of which was made this week. The 39 teams from the Aldershot Command are drawn as follows:—

1st. R. Sussex Regt. v. Depot, R.A.M.C.

1st. A.A. Bde., R.A. v. 1st Sea Highrs.

Depot, Queen's R. Regt. v. R.A.-O.C.

3rd. Pack Bde., R.A., v. Royal Engineers.

2nd. Dorset Regt. v. 17th/21st Lancers.

2nd E. Lanes. Regt. v. 1st A.A. Searchlight Bn.

1st. King's Own R. Regt. v. 2nd Gordon Highrs.

2nd. R.W.K. Regt. v. 3rd Coldstream Gds.

1st. Welsh Gds. v. 2nd R.T.C. Service Coys. R.A.S.C., v. 1st Bde. R.H.A.

10th R. Hussars v. 1st Line. Regt.

Training Coll., R.A.S.C., v. 2nd Norf. Regt.

17th Field Bde., R.A. v. 1st Highland L.I.

The R. Dragoons v. 1st. Northamp. Regt.

2nd K.R.R.C. v. 3rd Field Bde., R.A.

Railway T. Centre, R. E. v. 2nd The Buffs.

1st. Field Bde. R.A. v. 1st. Y and L. Regt.

2nd. Scots Gds. v. R.C. Signals.

20th Field Bde. R.A. v. 4th Field Bde. R. A.

Bye: 1st R. Ulster Rifles.

There was an uproarious welcome in the club for Smith when he returned after his honeymoon, for Smith had married the daughter of a wealthy biscuit maker. "So you've taken the biscuit this time" Smithy," they chorused, as they swarmed around him.

"That's right," acknowledged the beaming bridegroom, "and the tin along with it, too!"

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(Continued from page 13)

Holding the Line

Came at last the time for us to go in and relieve the 8th Battalion. Now my appetite was to be satisfied. Acting upon the advice of men familiar with such things I took as little as possible with me but took care to include a few dry sticks for cooking purposes. Never shall I forget the sight of Green-er decked out ready for the line.

You know he is a short man. When accoutred for the trenches he was lost under a load of everything under the sun. His pack was wider than he was tall. Dangling from the bottom of his pack was a water bucket filled with firewood. Generally he'd have an unopened parcel of eats tied somewhere about him. Gord knows how he managed to tote this little lot into the line or how he navigated in parts where the communication trench was narrower than usual. John Claxton was another pretty spectacle in fighting array and it was really painful to march behind him. Never could he march in step and his swinging arms could not be made to harmonize with his other bodily movements. Sort of got on one's nerves. Thought I could swear until making the acquaintance of Sgt. Earnshaw then I knew I was the veriest amateur. If "C" happened to be between "A" and "B" those leading never failed to go at too fast a pace for Earnshaw. How he'd curse them and everything connected with the army. Ye Gods.

Cursing, by the way, is an accomplishment mastered quickly by all branches of the Army, but past masters of the gentle art are to be found amongst, "The jingling, jangling cavalry, wot rides on the right of the line." How saintly old dears will cry out in horror over this confessed depravity but how totally unnecessary. After all what difference can a few ripe curses make to our immortal souls and what difference does that little difference amount to? Rien du tout mes amis. Cursing comforts. When things go badly wrong it is an immense relief to be able to indulge in a perfect orgy of bad language. Smoking has pretty much the same effect only in a minor degree. Earnshaw could and did perform like the proverbial trooper and became a pattern for budding aspirants to fame in the King's Amce.

Of music we had none. That is, officially. Thus far, Titch and his

tribe of mistaken souls had not conceived the torture that can be inflicted upon all by what is known as a bugle band. Later on he quite made up for lost time. Many artistic souls "obliged" on the line of march. Pope was addicted to the mouth organ. Unfortunately his repertoire was shockingly limited. His masterpiece, was I remember, "Take me back to Piccadilly". This he loved and in his enthusiasm would slobber generously over his instrument. Another musician of note was Jim Stoddart, late of the King's Scottish Berr-derr-errrrs. Jim performed upon his accordion when ever volunteers could be found to carry his rifle and his pack. We were a happy gang as we trudged along the long road to the trenches. Ten minutes rest was the rule every hour. On a long march this proved more a hindrance than a help. As long as one kept moving it was not too bad but to get into one's stride again after resting for ten minutes was a bit of a trial.

Sorry, but am afraid I'm somewhat hazy over this but fancy we kept to the road until passing "Plugstreet Wood". I do know though that it was invariably dark when Hyde Park Corner was negotiated. Before reaching this spot, "no lights" had been the order. Weariness was setting in. The thought of a nice soft, clean bed was most alluring but such things are not for us just yet.

The night was warm and bright moon shining and all that sort of thing. Flares outlined the trenches both of ourselves and the enemy. Very little noise was to be heard. No shells, nothing save the occasional crack of the rifle of some sentry. "B" held the line "A" the reserve while "C" stayed in support for the first day or two. As we passed along the trench the troop officer allotted dug-outs. Entering the dark hole indicated I almost immediately bashed my brains out upon the roof in my attempt to stand upright. Struck a match but was immediately commanded to "put out that there light". Only by the sense of touch could I determine just what sort of a place I occupied. Seemed to be a grave-shaped hole dug into the bank, about three feet in height and not much wider. Again am I uncertain but fancy one was permitted to sleep in the support trenches. Seems to me that I had an exceptionally good sleep despite the excitement of being in the line. My next conscious memory was the call for first troop to roll up for rations. Had removed none of my clothing so lost no time in roll-

ing up. These rations had been delivered in gunny sacks and fluff and other abominations clung to the bread and meat in a pleasing manner. Things were served in the raw condition. Very carefully had the section corporal divided the stuff into as many piles as there were men. Half a loaf of bread, a piece of bacon, a chunk of meat, a couple of potatoes, some cheese, butter, tea and sugar comprised the day's rations. In little holes scooped out of the bank men were already making fires and proceeding with their rather primitive cookery.

Enjoyed the novelty of it all and had quite a decent breakfast. So this was war. Had almost forgotten it. Things were as quiet as they were in England.

As far as I remember the day was spent in fixing up things generally. Was all prepared to see what was to be seen and saw nothing worth writing home about. In spots one would glimpse stretches of our front line. Absolutely different from the line of my imagination. Nothing more than an untidy mess. An enemy plane passed overhead during the morning. This was something out of the ordinary. Our anti's opened up on this presumptuous scout and bits of shell casing fell in our vicinity. Rookies like myself pounced upon these hot pieces of metal and carefully treasured them as souvenirs. For six months or more I toted around a nose cap weighing a ton or so but eventually dished it in disgust. The first day passed quietly until about five in the afternoon when Fritz opened up on the front line with shells and machine guns. None came our way. The veterans told me this is a daily performance, this busting up of the trench which was repaired gain during the night. Not so good. Nothing at all happened to us while in support. Forget just how long we were there...two or three days I suppose. Then came our turn to take over the front line. Now I would see things.

The Front Line

Without mishap reached the trench and the relief was completed quickly. With three others occupied a dug-out. Too dark to see what it was like. Was dry anyway, that's a lot. No sleep during the night of course. Everybody had something to do. On sentry go, or listening post, or patrol or just plain labour. All were busy. Although during the day a man could not show an inch of himself above the parapet with-

out bringing down upon himself and companions a storm of hate, at night they stood upon the fire step and thought absolutely nothing of it. The night passed quietly and but for the flares going up continuously one could easily imagine himself on Salisbury Plains. In July the nights pass quickly. Just before dawn the order went along the trench that, "Stand to" was on. This meant that everybody left their dug-out and stood to in the trench in case anything happened. Dawn, is the favoured time for attacks. We were ordered to fire fifteen rounds, rapid, in the general direction of the enemy. This was absolutely nothing yet I can tell of one man who could never bring himself to mount the fire step. Pointing his rifle up in the air he would invariably exclaim as he fired, "That's got one of the B....s".

(To be continued)

The undermentioned Officers and N.C.Os N.P.A.M., are attending a course of Instruction at The Royal School of Cavalry, St. Johns, P.Q., commencing January 31st 1927.

P/Lieut. K.C. Schaffner K.C.-Hrs.

P/Lieut. A. Beauchamp, K.C. Hrs.

P/Lieut. M. L. Newroth Corps of Guides

P/Lieut. J. E. MacLean Regt. 8th P.L. N.R. Hrs.

A/Sgt. Donahoe, P.E.I.L.H.

A/Sgt. L. Bent, K.C.Hrs.

A/Sgt. D. M. MacKeen, K.C.-Hrs.

A/Sgt. R. L. Brown, K.C.Hrs.

A/Cpl. E. J. Bowlby K.C.Hrs.

Sgt. J. R. Hanson 17th DYRCH

Sgt. F. E. Merryth, 17th "

L/Cpl. A. Markee "

L/Cpl. W. M. O'Brien "

L/Cpl. J. M. McDonald "

L/Cpl. V. M. Pickersgill "

Also the following P.F.N.C.Os

SSML P. Boudreau, R.C.D. (i.e)

Cpl. F. A. Green R.C.D.

Cpl. A/Sgt. D. J. Forgrave R.C.D.

Cpl. W. E. McKerrall

Cpl. J. Cassidy

Cpl. E. Boucher

L/Cpl. J. V. Cullinan

L/Cpl. J. N. F. Constantine.

L/Cpl. D. K. Hendry

Black: "I saw a very unusual sight today—a girl who wasn't wearing a short skirt."

Jack. "Great Scott!" Surely they haven't begun leaving them off altogether?"—Life.

Guest looking at his bill: "Waiter, you have left out one item."

"It is possible?"

"This morning the proprietor said good-morning to me, and you haven't included that in the bill."

REMINISCENCES

by
A. B. Martin

Major Nordheimer's article in January's "Goat", and especially his reference to Hotchkiss guns reminded me of my experience with the 4th Troop, "C" Squadron, during this engagement.

I was then in the 1st. Troop and was comfortably settled in a shell-hole, the bottom of which was full of water which we had partially covered with corrugated iron, when along came Mr. James looking for any of the N.C.O.'s in his troop. He was told, very politely he had awakened the wrong party, but returned soon after with an order for me to get up, get his troop saddled and ready to move off at a moment's notice.

This was about 2 a.m. on a cold morning and my feelings can be easier imagined than described; toiling around among strange horses, strange men and stranger Hotchkiss pack.

It appeared that all the N.C.O.'s in the 4th. Troop had disappeared and not even the Hotchkiss section leader could be unearthed. Eventually we turned out, a scratch troop and joined the 3rd. Troop who, under the efficient direction of Sgt. Charlie Olmsted, were

saddled up waiting for us. We moved off in the direction of the line and after some time halted, while the sergeant Frank Mynott, and one other (who was wounded and captured) made a reconnaissance of the wire and approaches to the village of Lier-amont.

Then we all moved on, over a hill and came right down on to the village, the Germans clearing out as we came along and I was detailed out on the right flank with the Hotchkiss section where we had an excellent target. The gun was prepared for action and we were all set for our first chance of a shot at the Germans actually in sight and on the move, but the gun simply refused to function and our limited knowledge of its innermost secrets was not sufficient to solve the problem.

We fired a few shots with our rifles and then rejoined the others who were dismounted, and, under Capt. Newcomen's direction moved across the open to the other side of the village and took up a position on the side of a hill.

By this time it was broad daylight and there we were stranded and exposed to fire from several directions, in fact we could see a German Battery of Field Artillery and every now and again they

would drop a few shells amongst us, fortunately most of their shots landed either ahead or behind us, but a number of the bunch were wounded including Dad Nash, who received the Military medal for taking a despatch back to Rgtl. Hqs. from our position.

That night we rejoined the remainder of the squadron and "stood-to" with our horses all night, in reserve, I think, while the remainder of the brigade made an attack on Saulcourt. It was a bitterly cold night and we had not had any rations for some considerable time. I remember having received a large parcel from "Blighty" just before starting out on this do and it had not been opened. I was so tired that I lay down holding on to my horse's reins and must have gone to sleep, waking up with a start to find no horse and, worst of all, no parcel.

Luckily there were several spare horses and this prevented my having to walk when we moved next morning. Needless to say when my horse was located several days later in the Strath's lines, there was no parcel, neither were there any nickel stirrup irons, bit, or any of the other little extras which made so much difference in keeping your kit in decent order with a minimum amount of work.

We discovered later that Cpl. Barber, the leader of the 4th. Troop Hotchkiss section had removed the firing pin from the gun and this was reposing in his pocket all the time.

But where was barber?

BRAN MASH

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell what is wrong with this sentence: The horse and cow is in the field?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am. Ladies should come first.

Horace—What did your wife have to say when you came in at 4 this morning?

Maurice—Didn't have a word to say.

Horace—Smarter tongue-tied?

Maurice—No, I put cement in her beauty clay.

A negro mammy had a family of well behaved boys. One day her mistress asked:

"Sally how do you raise your boys so well?"

"Ah raise dem wid a barrel stave and ah raises 'em frequently"

Said the young teacher: "Tommy, if you don't behave yourself, I shall have to take your name."

Outside, Tommy confided to his chum:

"My teacher threatened to marry me if I don't look out"



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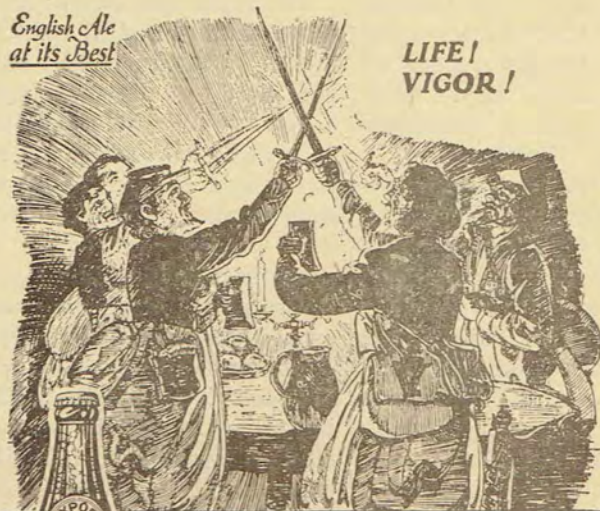
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